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From Publisher—To You

TO the average American who has been reflecting recently on the outcome of the Sinclair trial, and who has also been considering Sinclair Lewis's opinion of us, and H. L. Mencken's remarks about us—with perhaps a sidelong look at George Jean Nathan's gibes at us—to this average American there has seemed of late to be but little hope for the future. There might be money in writing about us or belaboring us. But there was precious little credit in being one of us. And taken altogether we were Democracy.

NOW comes a ray of optimism. Count Sforza, who writes in this issue on "The Future of Democracy," believes that, no matter what passing inconvenience may attach to popular government, in the long run the people possess a sort of self-protective instinct which will work out for the best for everybody concerned. According to him, to attack democracy is merely fashionable. In the end Jefferson will be proved to have been right.

IF this is true, it may be the beginning of better things. For Mr. Hamish Miles, translator of "Disraeli" and an English man of letters, has recently called Mr. Nathan's attention to the pleasing fact that the virulent enemies of American literature in England whom our Rear-End critic has been valiantly assailing are merely creatures of Mr. Nathan's imagination and don't really exist at all—except as bogey-men for Mr. Nathan.

Again, to those who know the facts, Mr. Mencken's editorials on our foreign policy seem to be increasingly devoted to knocking down straw men who are filled with iron plates of Mr. Mencken's own contriving, so that they fall with a fine crash, but who otherwise are simply creatures of his imagination.

IN brief, the happy suspicion is finally possible that the whole assault on the Babbity has been really just an invention especially contrived for the edification of our Super-Booberie who have swallowed it all at \$5.00 a year. It hasn't been so at all!

Maybe there is some hope for the common man, after all, as well as a sufficient number of the Super-Booberie to keep Mr. Mencken and Mr. Nathan in sharp-toed boots. Mr. Sforza gives us a pleasant moment.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Count Carlo Sforza

The Outlook

May 9, 1928

The Future of Democracy

As Seen by an Italian Statesman

EVEN those who most deeply believe in democracy and its future universal development would be wrong in trying to ignore or deny what is now the fashion to call "the crisis of democracy."

For my part, I do not.

Those who are concerned about this crisis give their reasons usually by pointing to those European countries that have reverted to forms of autocracy or dictatorship. My reasons are different.

The country where dictatorship is most strongly entrenched is Russia. One ought not to forget, however, that Russia had always remained outside the democratic world. I go farther. My deep conviction is that Russia is already at the parting of the road, and that out of the slow yet fatal movement of the peasants there may blossom some day a new democracy, a peaceful and agrarian one, which will give to old Czaristic Russia and to recent Bolshevik Russia the human dignity they always missed.

In other countries—I think of Hungary, for instance, but I might say almost the same thing of Spain—democracy in the form of parliamentary life was an appearance for external advertisement. In reality, the power in Hungary was retained by a group of great titled landowners boasting of some vague Turkish origin. Liberalism there was but a mask which they have now been obliged to throw away. The unmasking simply means—at least to those who know the growing feelings among the noble populations of the Alföld Plains—

By COUNT CARLO SFORZA

Count Sforza, formerly Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, member of the Italian Senate, has been in this country for a short lecturing tour. Although he is one of the most decided opponents of the Fascist régime (he was Ambassador to France when Signor Mussolini came into power, and resigned at once in spite of Mussolini's public request to him to retain his post), Count Sforza has refused to speak or write about the situation in Italy. He has, however, acceded to our request to write of his impressions of the prospects of democracy as he sees them in Europe.—THE EDITORS.

that the small landowners and the peasants had begun to get weary at being ruled against their very interests.

To the list of countries which have fallen into dictatorships other new strong national creations might be opposed. Among these could be mentioned Czechoslovakia. Another country which shows a tendency contrary to dictatorship is Japan, where recently 9,000,000 electors, it is estimated, cast their first vote under the new manhood suffrage law. I have recently traveled in the Far East, and I have brought with me the deep impression that nationalistic, militaristic Japan, as it is still thought of in America and Europe, is a thing of the past.

WHAT matters, after all, is not a bare list of countries fallen into dictatorships, but results; and results are all for democracy. European recovery has been most rapid where popular freedom and democratic rule have remained untouched. Germany and France constitute a marvelous example of what may be accomplished in the way of financial and economic reconstruction through parliamentary methods. Little Belgium, the European country where life is now the cheapest and most pleasant, has been saved by a Cabinet where Liberals, Democrats, and Socialists have loyally worked together.

They may go on building their new "aristocratic" theory, the gentlemen who have invented in France the so-called doctrine of Nationalism—now copied in neighboring countries—as opposed to the Liberal conception of human relations; but these hard facts remain: that the war was won by the peoples ruled by democracy and imbued with democratic traditions—America, England, France, Italy; and that the only autocratic state belonging to the democratic coalition, Russia, was the only one to fall to pieces. The only one of the great European states which had reached unity by military force and by *raison d'état*, Germany, powerful as it was, showed itself in the days of trial much less strong than it appeared to be. This indeed is not a party opinion or an opinion of former enemies; it is openly admitted by many of the keenest thinkers of the present German generations.

Germany created for herself a new conscience after Jena, not because any anointed Emperor rallied the Germans around him, but because the professors, the students, the citizens of every rank, felt the shame of being the dust of a people, not a people. It was this process of German moral unification that came to its culminating point forty years later, in 1848, when the German Diet at Frankfurt proclaimed the resurrection of the German Empire, to be built on a popular basis. The then reigning Hohenzollern refused the crown because he did not want to have anything to do with democracy. A few years later he was discovered to be mad.

GERMANY seemed to have been created by violence and autocracy, on bloody battlefields, in 1870, twenty years after the pacific opportunity of 1848. In reality, Germany had been born before; and when we think of the great German writers of this period, of the expansion of instruction, of the revival already shown by industry, we must conclude that no power in the world could have delayed the reconstruction of the German Reich. In the same way, nobody could have prevented the almost contemporary unification of Italy. Both unifications were historical necessities.

Germany would probably not have been Prussified; it is even probable that the process of unification would have been less hasty. But sure it was, all the same. And what, after all, are a few decades in the history of a great nation? Germany might have become a nation of free citizens, not a crowd of admiring, uncritical courtiers. Indeed, I am not far from believing that the greatest factors of German misfortunes have two names, Bismarck and William II—the first having much more responsibility than the second, as a great personality must have in proportion with a simple amateur comedian. Bismarck had certainly something approaching genius; but what I am persuaded of is that, though he had great diplomatic gifts, he lacked the real statesmanlike gift of seeing into the future with the eyes of a historian. The diplomat doesn't need this sort of genius; the diplomat works for immediate success. So did Bismarck, who, in spite of appearances, was more of a diplomat than a statesman.

Bismarck himself saw the tragic results of his work—a great Germany and small Germans; but too late for his fame. That was when, in 1892, in a speech delivered with elaborate *éclat*, he told the students of the Jena University that absolutism was a poison for the

moral life of a nation, that to save Germany it was necessary to strengthen the force of Parliament and of public opinion. Too late, I repeat. Statesmen may fall through telling necessary truths to their countrymen; but their conscience is at peace only when they know that they told them in the moment of their power, not when in disgrace.

DEMOCRACY, democracy only, has already saved Germany, and not only German interests, but German honor.

While the nationalist and monarchist leaders were trying to prepare putsches and disorders in Germany, the working classes proved, in a very critical moment for themselves and for their country, that they were approaching political maturity. This moment was the occupation of the Ruhr.

One of the fashionable opinions at the time in Paris in French Nationalistic circles (I was at the time in France as an Ambassador, which means perhaps a certain amount of first-hand knowledge) was the following one: The workmen, out of hatred for their employers, are to look favorably at our occupation; this will oblige the patrons, in spite of their German pride, to ask for terms and fall under French influence.

It was just the reverse that happened. The workmen opposed a passive but strong and constant opposition to the French authorities, while some of the German industrials showed themselves not so opposed to an understanding with French interests. It was the German workmen who saved the honor of Germany in the Ruhr. Is it not permissible to think that that happened because there was no more the old Germany of two nations, as it was before the war?

It was the Germany of the workmen whom William II called, in his vociferations, "a traitorous rabble." Once he called them "fellows without fatherland." For once he was right. What sort of fatherland might the working classes have found in the military and aristocratic Germany of the Hohenzollern? Now they had one. The first President of the Reich, Ebert, had come out of their ranks, and they strongly defended German honor.

It is not out of a state of political mysticism, but out of the experience of what has been done and achieved—phrases and speeches and extemporized systems being no achievements—that we have to be drawn to acknowledge that the people possess, in the long run, a sort of self-protective instinct.

How is it, then, that thinkers who labeled themselves as "advanced" have ended by doubting the force and the future of democracy?

This, and this alone, is the strange phenomenon of the present time. We should not overestimate anti-democratic movements in certain countries or the longing for dictators in certain social classes everywhere. These are phenomena easy to understand, as they have only one initial cause, the fear of "Bolshevism"—a fear which leads those who suffer from the disease to pave the way for the very dangers they are afraid of, since they create the atmosphere out of which a new war might come. Indeed, they are not so wrong in Russia, the Kremlin leaders, when they forbid the circulation of all democratic and liberal newspapers and leave liberty to circulate to organs like the London "Daily Mail."

What is really strange is that certain men who have been free and forceful thinkers now admit or support the conceptions constituting the ideals or anti-ideals opposed to liberty, and ascribe to those anti-ideals a miraculous efficacy which they pretend no longer exists in the ideal of liberty and democracy.

If we follow their thought, as serenely as we should do for a chemical research, we find as this intellectual ideal of theirs only the principle of the struggle for life and of the survival of the fittest. It ought to make even the most enthusiastic doubt this principle when it is seen that it inspires and justifies alike the Communistic dictatorships and the opposite, or apparently opposite, kind of dictatorships. In Moscow they say that the working class is the producing class, and that therefore they have the right to rule and decide. In the capitals where the nationalistic and autocratic gospel is preached, they apply this thesis to states and races instead of to social classes—which shows, in parenthesis, how easily the hardest lessons of history are forgotten. Germany fell because she had invented the slogans of the "pure race," or the "chosen people," of the "predestined country." The same lamentable foolish bragging is now heard from what used to be the other side of the trenches.

THIS ideal or anti-ideal was beautifully rendered by Nietzsche. Strange to say, this morbid poet was more admired in France and in other countries (in Italy he was copied by d'Annunzio) than in Hohenzollernian Germany, not because of moral aversion to Nietzsche in Germany, but because of a sort of intellectual and poetical impoverishment which took place in Germany during the

years of the pseudo-Lohengrinian comedy of William II.

It will be a wonder some day that such a vulgar and bloody doctrine—having as its unique ideal the enslaving of the victor himself—should have come into some sort of fashion after a glorious period of mental freedom.

The explanation which, in my opinion, may be given of such a mental depression even in men who have been no vulgar thinkers, is this: The principle of democracy became so evident that a great many consequences were drawn from it, of which some were fallacies, or illusions, or too hasty deductions.

So it happened that we were bound to realize that in some fields (such as the economic and colonial) there were traditions and facts and dangers which it was impossible to dispose of simply by the laws of democracy. Partial episodic failures they were; but the ideal had seemed so grand, so infallible, that a certain amount of discredit fell, unjustly, on the central principle.

Apparently strange, it is in reality only too natural that the new critics of democracy keep silence on the very essential fault which may be ascribed to the growth in Europe of the democratic mentality. I mean the nationalistic passions. In old Europe national hatreds were much less violent than in democratic Europe. It is from the world created by democracy that the nationalisms have been engendered.

This, this only, is the evil and the danger of democracy. All the rest is but passing inconvenience.

A remedy for that danger is, however, coming from other trends which may disquiet the democratic doctrinarian, but leave the fullest serenity to those among us who put democracy above forms and methods. I allude to the crisis of parliamentarism.

THAT there is a great deal of exaggeration in the fashionable attacks made against parliamentarism no one may doubt. A political system, moreover, is never a perfect thing; it is simply a lesser evil. Cavour, the creator of unified and liberal Italy, used to say: "I prefer the worst of the Chambers to the best of antechambers." Forty years after Cavour the administrative autocracy in the Germany of William II gave to that country a better government, materially speaking, than was to be found in England, France, or Italy, then three free countries. But how dearly Germany paid the penalty for having, for instance, a better civil service, better railway service, etc., than the Frenchmen! In Ger-

many they had to endure a sovereign who, consciously or—which would be even worse—unconsciously, destroyed all sense of independence, of free discussion, in his subjects, with the dreadful moral and political consequences that the world knows.

There are small but noisy groups of young men in Continental Europe, and recently even in England, especially among the *bourgeoisie*, who wage a violent campaign against the parliamentary system. It is these young people who dream of a strong authority exercised by a monarch or, even better, by a dictator. When one shows them, history in hand, that the game of intrigue or the influence of private interests has always flourished in autocratic states at least as much as under parliamentary institutions, they have no argument to oppose, except their shouting.

In fact, no human institution has ever worked without certain defects, some wastage. How could imperfect man create perfect and faultless institutions?

To refer to my experience, I entered Parliament, coming from the diplomatic service; I came there with no taste at all for my metamorphosis; I accepted it as a moral duty imposed upon me. I was a Cabinet Minister almost before I was a member of Parliament; therefore I judged and still judge with cold impartiality. But, in spite of all I heard and hear against Parliament, I was bound to come to the conclusion that the advantages one was able to take for the interests of the country from Parliament, from the strength it gave, greatly surpassed all the empty talk, the indiscretions, the losses of time one had to endure during the parliamentary sessions.

But, having said this, in antithesis to the fashionable shouting against parliamentary rule, I have no doubt that certain corrections must evidently be made in the parliamentary régimes, as they exist in many countries, and especially in France and Italy.

Syndical representations, or other analogous forms, are but formal tricks, which would always end by reverting to the old system. Moreover, they are mere intellectual formations, with no echo in the masses.

THE real reform of the errors of parliamentary government will be realized, in my opinion, only by a return of our over-centralized Europe to the old regional autonomies. In giving back a certain amount of power to provincial diets we shall succeed in curing parliamentary rule of its excesses and exaggerations. But at the same time, and

this is the point I wanted to come to, this return to less hypertrophic political interests will render less crystallized the mutual hostility of all our violent and national antitheses. It will be easier for a Saxon than for a German, for a Norman than for a Frenchman, to feel without hesitation the common European bond. Through this movement—which was inscribed on the banner of one of the most powerful Italian political parties before the present Government suppressed them (I mean the Catholic Popular Party¹)—through this movement it will be easier to extend the Fatherland as an emotion and as a reality.

In the Middle Ages the Fatherland was Burgundy or Picardy, not France; Venice or Genoa, not Italy. Then coalitions of states created national consciousness. But in spite of hatred, man is always widening his own frontiers. I was in China, as Italian Minister, at the beginning of the war. When we received from our Governments the instruction to put Germans and Austrians in concentration camps, we felt, all of us, a sense of dismay, although our feelings were so deep for our countries at war. But we were in China, and that made us able to see—if only for a moment—the absurdity of a struggle which, from the Chinese wall, appeared a sort of civil war.

In spite of checks and obstacles, we are marching towards a future of European democratic union. A supplementary proof of this might be furnished by the hysteria, half real, half assumed, of short-sighted materialistic interests which are afraid of losing in the exchange. These interests have no more insight into the future than the innkeepers and postilions of the Forties who organized popular demonstrations against the construction of the railways, thinking they would bring ruin to their trade.

When discussing once in the Italian Parliament the necessity, in which I deeply believe, for a friendly settlement of all the questions between Italians and Yugoslavs, I once ended a speech of mine, from the Government bench, with this phrase: "No matter if the two peoples will not agree out of love; they are bound to agree, in the end, out of sheer necessity." So it was. So it will be for Europe, and much sooner than one might believe when reading of present incidents and incomprehensions.

And peace in the international field simply means this: democracy once more ruling the world.

¹ Count Sforza did not belong to this party. He was, with Signore Amendola, who died a victim of a Fascist ambush, at the head of the Democratic Party, now suppressed.—The Editors.

If You're Sending Your Boy to Camp

By GEORGE NEWELL

"Aw, gee, mom, that's a lotta hooley! I don't see why I can't go with you. I bet there's plenty of fellows there."

"No, dear. You wouldn't like Star Harbor. It's pretty dressed up, you know. Camp is a much better place for you."

"Aw, rats! that's a lotta hooley! We don't have fun there having to do all those things—'s worse 'an school."

"Now you run along, John. Mother knows best. There isn't a camp in the country with finer equipment or a more instructive outdoor program."

John's mother has, no doubt, given careful thought to the problem of her boy's summer. And it is a problem richly strewn with knotty pros and cons. For there is much in John's terse "That's a lotta hooley," the epitome in his adolescent vocabulary of a misspent summer.

"Anyway, she never lived in that ol' camp. What does she know about it?" he had reasoned. "They always have chicken on visiting days. She falls for that ol' camp director's line every time."

But mother discounts John's inarticulate arguments with her "Mother knows best." She is going away to a summer resort where pleasures are too sophisticated for a boy; where her John would find anything but a wholesome vacation. Father is at business all day, so obviously the solution is camp. For if John is left at home with the servants it will mean nothing but movies and time to fall into indolent habits.

This, briefly, is the prime reason for the existence of camps. Were they not living in the large city that so patently cannot offer her boy the proper summer recreation, it would not be at all necessary for her to send John to camp.

This is where the country boy has the advantage over his city cousin. He can have "a lot of fun" just around town in summer. Especially if he has a bicycle to take him fishing and swimming or to equip him for a summer job. And many a boy is better off earning a little money of his own than he is spending his parents' money in a summer resort or camp.

To the city boy's parents, summer often means but one thing: John must get away to the country—a farm or a camp or the seashore. And to the sincere parent a well-directed summer camp

To the sincere parent a camp is the answer to the question what to do with that boy this summer. According to the author, merely sending him to camp is not the solution and the benefits to be derived are in no way proportionate to the tuition fees. He believes that genuine responsibility is the keystone of a successful boys' camp. Mr. Newell has had several years' active experience in boys', girls', and adults' camps and is considered one of the American authorities on camp music.

makes the greatest appeal. In fact, it is the plight of these city boys that is the prime reason for the existence of the summer camp.

However, merely sending him to camp is not the solution. There are camps and camps; and the amount of tuition paid for the two months' outing is in no way proportionate to the amount of good John will derive from his sojourn there. He is an average twelve-year-old. Full to the brim with pent-up energy; energy that must find a channel of expression, be that channel mischievous or constructive. And it may just as well be constructive, for he is a creative child. He will tinker with a toy airplane for hours on end. In school his masters have learned that to give him a responsible job—if it is only erasing the blackboard—will insure John's attentive interest in the lesson.

LET us look at the camp which he dislikes.

It is a large one of 350 boys. Four boys in a tent, with a councilor for each tent. The tents, three feet apart, are indicative of the restricted life that John will be forced to live in the camp.

"Good for him," his mother might think; "it will make him more adaptable and more sociable."

But will it? After all, he has been living in pretty close quarters in the large city apartment-house. And his school life is never greatly his own true one. Will not this crowded camp life negative much that a summer in the woods has to offer?

But let us withhold judgment and follow John through a typical day.

He awakens in the morning to the strident brass of a volunteer bugle.

"Come on—all out for exercise," is shouted in his ear; "last boy out gets a wallop" (with the broom).

Then follows the noise of 350 boys herded together on the grass in pajamas to do "setting-up exercises." "All together now: One! two! three!" shouts the athletic councilor.

Small wonder that the birds do not bring their morning songs to this camp, and that John knows nothing of the knowledge to be learned from the wind in the pine trees overhead!

After calisthenics: "All right, down for dip! No excuses! Last boy in gets a ducking."

So, with more hubbub and pandemonium, the boys stampede to the lake and take the freezing dip.

Presently: "All out—get dressed for colors!"

A further stampede to the flagpole, where a councilor who has a bad case of misplaced patriotism, whacks the last boy in line for the morning flag-raising. Then the boys sullenly incant, "I believe in one country," etc., etc., while the flag is hoisted in place.

This rite over: "Fall out for breakfast." Three hundred and fifty voices and 350 plates join in the campaign to destroy what the woods are trying to tell John.

"Why don't you eat your eggs?" demands the councilor at John's table.

"Aw, I dunno," replies John, who has lost weight in camp. "They taste funny."

But when he writes this to his mother he is disbelieved.

"There's nothing wrong with the food, I'm sure. Now, I know how you are at home, dear. You only eat what you want. And everything in that camp must be fresh. Why, you're right in the middle of the country! Fresh eggs and vegetables and milk."

Unfortunately, John is right. The eggs are "funny." They did not come from the surrounding countryside; cold-storage eggs from the Middle West are cheaper. And to prepare fresh vegetables for 350 boys requires a too expensive staff in the kitchen. The director has learned that it is in the



Photograph by Fay Welch

Airing day is fun at this camp

kitchen where the most money can be saved—a dangerous discovery to John's well-being. In this kitchen even the rendered fat is saved and shipped in vats to a distant soap factory.

After breakfast a weary half-hour of announcements, listened to by 350 squirming boys seated before the now empty breakfast tables. Doubly weary announcements to John, whose eye wanders off to the glint of the beckoning lake.

Then back to tents for "policing up." A bunk to make, floors to sweep, trunk to "true," etc.

"Awfully good for John," his mother would approve; "he never has to do those things at home. That's why he hates it at camp."

But is it? If it were his tent and his shack that he and tent-mates had built themselves, if he himself had gathered the balsam for his mattress stuffing, would he not take pride in the policing of his tent? But where you have 350 boys the directors can hardly leave even the erection of his tent to the chance initiative of John.

After tent duty: "All out for educational activity." Every boy is required to take some educational activity—music, art, nature, manual training. Everything is planned and cooked up for him before he arrives. His own opinions or desires receive scant encouragement.

John takes "nature," and finds it dull, even though his instructor is a good one. The specimens and animals in the "museum" mean little to him. He has never discovered their life and habits for himself. They were all comfortably discovered for him.

And how ironic! For at home he has

an adored book on nature. But he bought the book himself!

At the close of educational activity comes the swim. This is the first more or less optional activity of the day.

So the day goes. A beautifully planned program all throughout, and devised for John by the best minds. His parents on a visit are impressed with how much he is learning and with the beautiful camp with its tennis courts, its model outdoor theatre, manual-training shop, three pianos, ping-pong tables, baseball diamond, movies, expensive swimming docks, boat and canoe houses, etc., etc.

"Sure," says John. "Why shouldn't they give us all those things when dad pays \$400 for having me here?"

John was particularly resentful this day. He had been penalized the day before for reading in his tent when he should have been attending a camp-fire circle. Reading must be done according to iron-clad schedule.

"Aw, rats! it's a lotta hooley! This is a camp for councilors; they're the only ones who get any fun out of it."

But do they? With 350 boys who must be here, must be there, must do this, must do that, at every hour of the day, the poor councilors (mostly inexperienced college boys) are at their wits' end. For if the boys are left free now, they will react to the long restraint and start raids on other tents, resort to obstreperous ways of getting rid of pent-up energy and resentment.

So at the end of the summer John returns with a coat of tan, a few pounds underweight, which his mother kindly puts down to the active life he has led. He has a cynical spirit about camps and councilors and nature and

toward the social amenities of life in general.

BUT what of this ideal camp to which we believe John should have been sent?

One glance, and you will notice the difference. You are struck with the quiet. There are only thirty boys (at most fifty), and the tents and shacks are far enough apart to give the boy the thrill that comes from quiet communion with the mystery of the woods. There is no city uniformity in the tents and cabins, such as one found in the military precision of rows upon rows of tents fronting the dusty camp street of the big camp.

Here some of the boys have built their own shacks and tents. There is one very original teepee built by two boys.

There is no tennis court to clutter up the woods with city activities; no baseball diamond; but a field for lacrosse and Indian games—games that belong in the woods, and that will bring a new note to John's love for games and teamwork.

The boys make their own lacrosse sticks before they may play, and their own bows and arrows for archery.

Nature is a diligently pursued subject, each boy bringing his own contribution and reporting on his original discoveries. The boy who sights the first blue heron or explores a new frog nook is envied. By properly allowing the boy his own creative outlet the "have to do its" are few. If he wants to build a boat, cook over the camp-fire, or read a book, he may, so long as it does not interfere with the general welfare of the camp. He will love the hikes and canoe trips, because they are not planned, but take place when the day is bright and the "feel is in the air."

Where you have 350 boys to plan for, hikes may not be run off in so romantic a fashion. In just the matter of supplies alone, the kitchen must receive orders for the hike food a week in advance and the canoes must be reserved.

But with few boys and ample councilorship, John should grow and "take to his responsibilities like a man." For here he has true responsibility. That is, he has intellectual responsibility; sharing in the program and pleasant duties as well as the unpleasant. And he has no resentful reaction to the necessary restrictions, because he can see the need of them. He has had a voice in making the laws of the camp.

Of course, it is easy to see which camp
(Please turn to continuation, page 78)

S. S. Van Dine : The Man Behind the Mask

ON October 8, 1926, Charles Scribner's Sons published "The Benson Murder Case," by one S. S. Van Dine, apparently a newcomer to authorship. Neither the public nor reviewers asked any questions, embarrassing or otherwise, concerning his identity. Since there are scores of men and women writing detective fiction, a newcomer easily can be lost in the crowd. On July 22, 1927, the same house published S. S. Van Dine's second detective novel, "The 'Canary' Murder Case," wherein reappeared Philo Vance, art connoisseur, who again uses the principles of aesthetics to unravel a murder mystery. Of all the queer characters devised by detective-story tellers to solve baffling crimes, Philo Vance probably was the queerest. He knew languages; he knew literatures, classic and modern; he knew sciences, exact and indeterminate. He was loaded to the guards with information and critical theory concerning the seven arts, and from this bag of scholarship, cumbrous enough for any one man's shoulders, he fetched keys with which to unlock the problem of who killed whom.

Were it not for Philo Vance, no curiosity would have been expressed concerning S. S. Van Dine, but then neither would Van Dine's books be selling by the car-load. No newcomer could have invented Vance. It is not enough to write a thriller under a pen-name to excite curiosity. Foster Johns, for example, is not really Foster Johns, but some one else, but exactly how many people care? However, Van Dine's identity is a subject of wide curiosity, since he has given a new twist to the detective story *genre* and since no less than 100,000 persons—and probably 200,000—have been reading his books. His third, "The Greene Murder Case," published March 24, 1928, is a National best-seller. In this also Vance plays his familiar rôle. Van Dine is writing his fourth book, the movies are to adapt his first three.

Who is S. S. Van Dine? He has been identified with the most unlikely authors—Edmund Lester Pearson, John Galsworthy, Joseph Collins, H. L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan, Carl Van Doren. I am able to inform you that he is none of these. Before you have finished this article you will know who S. S. Van Dine is, for, although I am not permit-

By HARRY SALPETER

ted to state, with official sanction, that Van Dine is such and such a man, and none other, I am not prevented from marshaling such powerful evidence to prove that Van Dine is that man and none other that there will be no room for a second choice. After spending several hours with Mr. Van Dine, I believe I am justified in the conclusion that he is



S. S. Van Dine

becoming restive under the necessity of maintaining his disguise. When he shall have published his fourth, or fifth, detective novel, either the revelation of his identity will be made officially or there will no longer be a necessity for it.

FOLLOWING the publication of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" the author was asked to write an article for a Chicago paper. This he did. The editor then, with a very cunning appearance of innocence, asked Van Dine to send a photograph. He could not send a photograph, because that would have told all, and he was not yet ready to tell all. Having been a painter, among other things, he drew a caricature of himself, which would be faithful in every detail, yet be unfaithful in general impression. And in every detail—the prehensile ears,

the parting of the hair to the right, the beard and mustache, somewhat too black and too pointed, the monocle he was wearing at the time—that caricature resembles Willard Huntington Wright, one of the most scholarly writing men in the United States outside of a university, author of "Modern Painting," "The Future of Painting," "What Nietzsche Taught," and "The Creative Will," among others; one more than acquainted with languages, literatures, and sciences—in fact, the very model for Philo Vance himself. It was the publication of this caricature which set the hounds in full cry. And since that caricature was published new clues have cropped up which strengthen the reasoning that S. S. Van Dine is Willard Huntington Wright, and nobody else, the presence of which clues can be explained only on the ground of carelessness or indifference on the suspect's part.

Pressed for information about S. S. Van Dine, his publishers identified him as a student of criminology, a Harvard man, a student of medicine, and a former newspaper man. Which also is a partial identification of Willard Huntington Wright. He was literary editor of the "Evening Mail" fifteen years ago. At Harvard he was a prize student in anthropology and ethnology. He also studied abroad. His interest in medicine is proved, in part, by the fact that under his own name he published a preface to "Some Famous Medical Trials," which Scribner's also published. Under his own name he prepared an anthology called "The Great Detective Stories," which he introduced with a 35-page essay on the types of detective fiction produced in America, England, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia since Poe and Gaboriau. Willard Huntington Wright must have studied variations of the detective story deeply and long. Another point of evidence is that for years no book—aside from edited collections—bearing the name of Willard Huntington Wright has appeared.

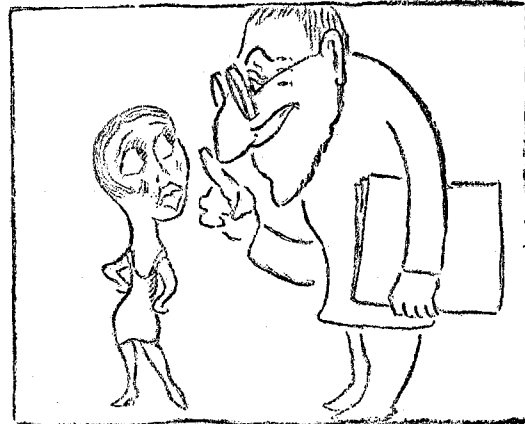
But here is the crowning bit of evidence. Shortly after the publication of "The Great Detective Stories," bearing Mr. Wright's name as editor and prefaceur, there appeared in the spring number of Brentano's "Book Chat" an article on "Literary Sleuthing," by S. S. (Please turn to continuation, page 77)

Pictures of Thoughts

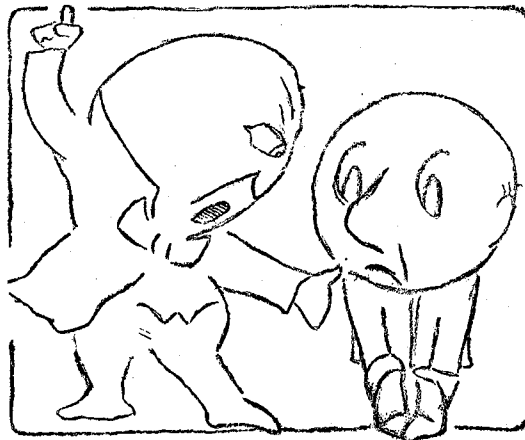
Drawings and Clues by Clarence Day



The spirit of old Mr. Waite,
It had to learn to levitate
And take the most unpleasant chances
Because of Mrs. Waite's séances.



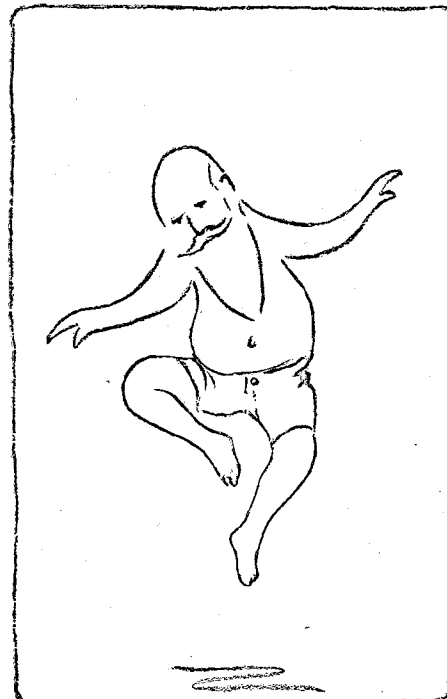
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."



A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.



When eras die their legacies
Are left to strange police.
Professors in New England guard
The glory that was Greece.



The dance is a form of thought

Politics and the Sinclair Trial

A Personal Letter from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

I HAVE made, at last and at least, a mild impression here. No other correspondent at this capital has been so looked at with interest and amazement during the past few days by the various grades of politicians and public men who have bed and board in Washington.

I say this without the least egotistical puffing up. Truth to tell, most of them have looked at me as though they thought I ought to be in the crazy house. And all because I have gone about asking this:

"What political effect is the Sinclair trial going to have?"

Nobody here, so far as I have been able to ascertain, had thought about it seriously. Indeed, I had never thought of it until the suggestion came to me from New York that the imponderables of President-making had probably been profoundly perturbed by that procedure and that the pulse of public men, particularly of conservative but honest Republicans, should be felt.

Is Washington, indeed, dead from the neck up? Persons in other cities have a habit of saying that the National capital is the poorest place in which to find out anything about National thought. Washington is so segregated and self-centered, they say, as to be unable to see or to think as the country does. Possibly they are right. Possibly the country sees clearly that, and how, the trial and acquittal of Harry F. Sinclair on the charge of conspiring with Albert B. Fall to defraud the Government in the lease of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve is going to affect this candidate or this party advantageously, and that candidate or that party adversely. But the thought mystifies Washington.

It seemed to me desirable, before approaching conservative Republicans, to find out from unconservative Republicans and persons of other political faiths what it was all about.

Into the Senate Office Building, to the suite of one of the most prominent of the group of progressive, individualistic Westerners. "What political effect," etc. He sat silent a minute in thought. "No," decisively, "I don't see how that can have any political effect whatever."

Through the subway beneath the Capitol to the House Office Building, to the room—the difference between suite

and single is the difference between Senator and Representative—of an Eastern Republican of the Roosevelt school of thought. The same question.

"Well," he exclaimed, "by George!" Sat with fingers to brow. Jerked a thumb toward the window. "Go ask that man with the shovel there in the street. He may know. I had not thought it would have any effect."

Up the elevator three floors, along one corridor a block to the right, along another corridor half a block to the left. Office of a Southern Democrat, long in Congress and high in the councils of his party. A man of fine, logical mind who always helps a reporter make his story. Question. Deep thought. "If you took time to work your materials up just right, you could show that the Republican Administration for the past seven years has been saturated in corruption, oblivious or disdainful of the moralities, until the public conscience had become so atrophied that judge and jury could not see the guilt of a guilty man. By that kind of tactics, I suppose, it might be made to have some political effect."

To a set of offices where Democrats plot against the Government—or plan to save the country, as one sees things. The second most distinguished Democratic writer in America talking with one not so distinguished. Question. More Distinguished: "No political effect, not the slightest." Less Distinguished: "I think it might have a little. If certain kinds of orators showed the plain people the impossibility of sending a million dollars to jail, the Republican Party being the money party and all that—you know."

And so I went to the honest but conservative (so far as I know) Republicans with small hope of finding them shaking in their shoes with fear of the results of the Sinclair trial. Queerly, though, they furnished more support for the idea than had Democrats, insurgents, and Rooseveltians together.

All of them said, "No effect." And all of them meant it. Some of them added, "Particularly if we nominate ——" The name depended upon the wishes of that particular person. Did these men mean that the stigma of the

Sinclair trial might attach to Dawes and not to Hoover, or to Hoover and not to Lowden? I do not know. But I think they were not averse to making personal capital out of the idea.

One of them, however, expressed pretty thoroughly the general Washington belief: "You and I know what ought to have been done with Sinclair. But a jury turned him loose. Now what in the blue blazes has a jury got to do with politics?"

I pass the question on.

I remember a hot day and the end of a hot trial in Lebanon. Bill Thompson, too fat to fuss around, sat in his buggy under a maple tree in front of the courthouse and dispensed philosophy. "Solomon never did try to forecast how a woman would decide—or a jury." I think that is about the spirit in which the people of Washington, and probably the people of the country, accepted the Sinclair verdict. We cherish the right of trial by jury, but we damn the jury and let it go at that. Some time, perhaps, we may do more—to the jury. We should not elect Sinclair President if the Republicans should nominate him. Or Fall. As to most men else, the trial would not count.

But the mere acquittal of Sinclair is one thing. The whole affair of the oil-leasing scandal is quite another thing. Nobody is saying with any degree of certainty that the larger thing will not affect President-making in 1928. Democrats and certain Republicans hope that it will. The rest of the Republicans fear that it may, though they camouflage their misgivings.

In that larger picture, in the political mind, Sinclair is relatively a small figure. Mention of him in the campaign is likely to be somewhat incidental. He is only the man who did, for profit, what many unscrupulous men would have done. But officials of the Government—they are different. They are to be charged not so much with having part in wrongdoing as with having no part in correcting it. Here, for sample, is a by-product of my inquiries concerning the effect of the Sinclair trial:

Neither bombardiers nor snipers are going to spend much ammunition on Sinclair—unless somebody shows them the trial in a different light from that in which they see it now.

"Tawm's Holt"

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

TRAVELING up from the black delta mud of New Orleans or down from the gray crags of the Tennessee mountains, one comes to a broad region of mocking-birds and Alabama sunshine where the soil turns red and the Christian name Tom in the mouth of the permanent residents becomes "Tawm." There the "Tawm" most often mentioned, as has also been the case recently in some more populous and black-loamed sections of the Republic, is the Hon. Thomas J. Heflin, senior representative of Alabama and successor of Yancey, Morgan, Pettus, and Underwood in the United States Senate.

Also in proportion as the soil reddens and to some extent as it tends to incrustate over the instep, the pronunciation of the word "hold" slides perceptibly if not stridently toward "holt." And even those who most naturally and successfully avoid such provincialisms admit that in Alabama "Tawm" has a powerful "holt."

That is, you can meet in every Pullman car, hotel lobby, club, or daily newspaper office in Alabama native-born voters, not particularly traveled or afflicted with Broadway cynicism toward local statesmen, who will inform you that the only difference between Alabama and the rest of the Nation is that responsible public opinion is just a little more disgusted with Heflin "down heah, seh," than it is any place else. But in the very next breath, with a tinge of melancholy humor, these same urbanely apologetic informants will tell you that Alabama, though conscious of his measure, has been returning "Tawm" to one house of Congress or the other for pretty nearly twenty-five years now, and is not desperately or even encouragingly unlikely to do it again in 1930.

"But," you demand with the cheery inflection of the outsider anxious to see the bright side of things, "how does a State like Alabama, with all its traditions of dignity and with so many pleasant, sensible, and properly proud people obviously living in it today, get that way? Or, having embraced error as Texas does now and then with the Fergusons, and as all of us do occasionally in our separate madresses, what reason is there for believing that Alabama, when the time gets ripe, will not, like everybody else, snap out of it?"

Then the interviewer, if his mind runs to conventional deductions, sits down to wait for the answer that the folk-lore of a Papal removal to Washington is a little more potent than corn liquor in the Alabama backwoods and that nothing can be done to eradicate it. Only that answer doesn't come.

Instead, it is explained that "Tawm's holt" is all-powerful in Alabama, not because he is the greatest anti-Papist since Luther, but merely because he is the State's greatest cotton economist and platform joker, and that his constant barrage on the Vatican and its American political agents is merely a side-show which provides a steady flow of amusement and keeps the lonelier cotton farmers talking about him with an admiring, if desultory, accent.

In other words, even Alabama's fieriest Klansmen, even those whose horror of Jesuit agents is based on the fact that they have never seen one in the flesh, do not regard Tom's determination to damn the torpedoes and sink the Papal navy in Mobile Bay as his most heroic service or the most important item in his program of statesmanship. All this and its oratorical accompaniments show the kind of man "Tawm" is, it is true. It proves that he is not afraid of the princes and powers of the air, let alone the sachems of Tammany Hall and the massed priestcraft of the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia. But this, from the rural Alabama standpoint, is merely the sort of thing "Tawm" would do; just as beating up a dining-car waiter who answered him truculently some twenty years ago was a significant but non-essential performance natural to a man of superiorly audacious temperament. But neither is half so important as what "Tawm" on a great occasion in Alabama economic history did do. And this was nothing less than to make the price of cotton go up in 1917 and 1918.

How "Tawm" accomplished this is, in the literal record, a trifle cloudy. Historically, it appears that Congressman Heflin, as he was then, did little more than advise the farmers, impoverished by the weakness of the cotton market during the war's purely Euro-

pean phase, to hold their cotton and give him a chance to see if something could not be done about it. Something was, in a combination of the munitions and the uniform manufacture business, and cotton went to 40 cents a pound. Congressman Heflin thereupon began circulating around Alabama, in intervals between his patriotic labors at Washington, with broad smiles and the air of a philanthropist just holding himself back from saying, "Look what I did for you all."

Indeed, legend has it that in a paraphrase—or should one say a parable?—"Tawm" did say it. His critics charge that during his campaign for the Democratic Senatorship nomination in 1920, when he was far enough in the country to be safe from newspaper espionage, he made speeches relating a somewhat curious interview between himself and President Wilson.

According to this version, Congressman Heflin went to that most hail and familiar of Presidents and said, by way of cajolery: "Look here, Woodrow, you've got to do something about the price of cotton for the folks down my way."

The President beamed on his guest admiringly, and answered, "Well, Tom, what do you want?"

"I want," said Congressman Heflin in his most forcible English, "40-cent cotton."

"Won't 30 cents do, Tom?" the President asked, feebly, thinking of the friends connected with the grasping mill and speculative interests.

"No, Woodrow," future Senator Heflin came back, respectfully but fiercely, "30 cents won't do at all, and you know it."

"All right, Tom," the President yielded to the stronger spirit; "you go down to Wall Street and tell those fellows from me that it's got to be 40 cents, and the quicker, the better."

Now in Alabama I could find no documentary evidence that "Tawm" made such a speech even during the heat and fury of the five-cornered Senatorship contest of 1920. But whether he made it or not is, for the purposes of a serious inquiry into "Tawm's holt," largely irrelevant. Launched from the platform or from the Heflin word-of-mouth propa-

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The World This Week

New York Welcomes the Bremen's Crew

THERE was hearty good will in New York's welcome to the Bremen's fliers. Behind the municipal formula of river and harbor display, military parade and escort, reception at the City Hall by Mayor Walker (for whom the visitors had already shown a lively liking) and by the diplomatic corps, speeches and more speeches, and, one hopes, a little time for recreation and seeing the actual as well as the official New York—back of all this, Captain Koehl, Major Fitzmaurice, and Freiherr von Huenefeld have stirred the popular interest and applause. Their dangers passed, their calmness and good nature under the stress of adverse circumstances and the substantial victory they won over the tempest and fog have shown them to be true gentlemen adventurers.

One of the memorable remarks brought out by the Bremen flight is one by Miss Herta Junkers, daughter of the designer and builder of the Bremen. She said: "Aviation is not a weapon to fight wars with, but the finest means in the hands of humanity to avoid wars, to bring people together. It annihilates the barrier of space. It is the means of transportation which will bring nations closer to each other. It is also a wonderful common interest in which all nations can share."

What of the Bremen itself? According to the latest report, the impression that the motor was seriously injured is incorrect; the plane is now in perfect shape, and she may be flown to New York as soon as proper conditions prevail. Quite probably the three air comrades may fly to Greenly Island on a sister-plane of the Bremen and fly the Bremen to New York; there are even rumors that they may undertake the west-to-east Atlantic voyage to Ireland and Germany. Fitzmaurice declares, "Whatever we do we will do together."

All this optimism seems a little inconsistent with the earlier reports of the state of the Bremen. It is evident now that the absence of plane-skis, which should have been taken to the Bremen by the plane that brought the fliers off, but by some strange oversight were left behind, was a major cause of her abandonment, and that the reported engine troubles were less serious than supposed.

A Hero of the Air

FLOYD BENNETT's body, which lies at Arlington near Admiral Peary's grave, was buried with National honors and with a universal tribute to his intrepidity, his faithfulness to duty, his comradely devotion. He was as true a hero as any of those around him.

Commander Byrd, whose plane Bennett piloted in that marvelous dash to and from the North Pole, called him "a real man—faithful and true." Governor Smith tersely commented, "His thought was not for himself, but for the other fellows in trouble."

Had it not been for the test-flight accident of the America a year ago, in which Bennett was terribly injured and Byrd and others less seriously, Bennett, who was with Byrd in the MacMillan expedition of 1925, might have been Byrd's second in command in the America's eastward flight across the Atlantic. He was well on his way to a recovery that would have made it possible for him to be second in command in Byrd's projected exploration and flying expedition in the Antarctic region. Bennett's disappointment as to the first of these plans and his buoyant enthusiasm for the second can hardly be exaggerated. Yet he ignored all risk to that hope when he flew from New York to Detroit, and again from Detroit to Lake St. Agnes, weak from illness as he was. He gave up his purpose to pilot a relief plane for the stranded airmen at

Greenly Island only when his condition became alarming.

The whole Nation echoes President Coolidge's words: "His noble and brave spirit will live in the memory of the things he accomplished."

The American Judge on the World Court

JOHN BASSETT MOORE, one of the world's greatest authorities on international law, has resigned his seat on the bench of the Permanent Court of International Justice, popularly known as the World Court. This American jurist has been a judge of the Court since 1921. Though the United States did not ratify the Treaty of Versailles and is not a member of the World Court, the American members of the Hague Court of Arbitration are called upon to nominate an American for a World Court judgeship. The question now arises whom will this American group nominate as Judge Moore's successor?

Dr. Moore, it is said, will devote his time now to the completion of his great work on international law.

Russia's Last "White" Hope

GENERAL PETER WRANGEL, who died on April 25 in Brussels, was the last leader of a "White" Russian military movement against the Bolsheviks. Since the Red Army routed his forces in South Russia in 1920 and forced them to a disorderly flight to Constantinople, not the most visionary Russian exiles have argued that anything could be accomplished against Moscow by armed attack from without. It appears that lately Lord Birkenhead, one of the "die-hard" Tory leaders of the British Cabinet, suggested something of this sort in Berlin. But Russian officers who have tried it would apparently be the slowest to be convinced that any results can be reached along that line.

Like Admiral Kolchak, who lost his

life in a similar movement in Siberia, General Wrangel seems to have been an honest man. Born of an aristocratic Russian family and with a distinguished army career, he could not realize that power in Russia had conclusively passed into Communist hands. His defeat was the final proof that the rest of the world had to face and deal with the Soviet Government as a lasting and formidable force.

Austria and American Aid

By a measure subordinating Austria's debt to the United States to a new loan for reconstruction, the Administration is proposing to aid Austria's economic recovery from the war. With the recommendation of the President and the Secretary of State, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has reported the new measure favorably for action.

Austria owes to nine nations a debt of which the amount of \$24,000,000 owed to the United States is about one-fifth. The subordination of this debt to a new loan is expected to enable her to borrow \$100,000,000, and with this amount to rebuild her economic life to a point which would make it possible for her to pay off all her debts. The Reparation Commission and all the creditors except the United States have agreed to the arrangement. The debt originated in credits for relief work after the war; and American assent to the present plan will make it feasible to complete the purposes for which the earlier loan was advanced.

Poincaré's New Lease of Power

FRENCH voters have indorsed the Government of Raymond Poincaré. In securing to the present Premier a majority in the Chamber of Deputies the elections of Sunday, April 29, confirm the indications in the elections of the week before. Under French law, in any district only a majority vote elects a candidate in the first balloting; but in the second balloting a plurality vote elects. In the intervening week deals may be made to change the pluralities of the first election; but in this case the result forecast on one Sunday came to pass on the Sunday following.

Political groups in France are so mobile that an exact analysis of the results of an election are difficult. No one party controls. The only way a government can get a majority is by agreement among parties, groups, and factions. Just what support Briand's foreign policy has received we cannot say; but

apparently the groups that M. Briand is associated with made some gains. So obviously, however, have the conservative principles of M. Poincaré been indorsed that French policy is not likely to move in the direction of compromise.

The Communists of the Russian type have suffered losses. Yet the elections do not show so much a move toward the Right as a solidification of the support which the French Parliament has given to Poincaré's economic reforms at home coupled with economic co-operation with Germany.

The effect of the elections in France will undoubtedly be for moderation and stability.

France Tries Harnessing the Tides

FRENCH engineers are making preparations to put to work the tides of the sea. At Le Crotoy, a few hundred feet from that romantic spot at the mouth of the river Somme whence William set sail with his armada to conquer at Hastings, there is to be a peculiar group of inclosed basins in some of which water from the sea will be stored during high tide and held by means of gates; in others space, literally, or capacity, will be "stored" during low tide—space for the water in the one basin to enter during intermediate periods after delivering its energy to turbines through which it must pass before filling the space. The tides at this historic point are thirty feet in height.

This installation will not be a large-scale engineering feat, for it is believed that too many of its features are experimental to warrant heavy expenditure. Among engineers there is a strong current of belief that tidal schemes of this kind will not pay even as well in fact as they do in theory. The tides are intermittent and their arrival advances about an hour each day, but the demand for current is always highest at certain definite hours. This provides a problem which can only partly be surmounted by the use of the basins described.

Generally, it is felt, power stations burning fuel will be required as auxiliaries to these installations, if the installations do not actually become auxiliary to the power stations. The French, who are notably rational in matters involving financial expenditure, are going about this and other tidal power plans in the correct manner—cautiously. To harness the tides is feasible nevertheless, even though Sunday supplements have given it a bad name. The question is mainly economic.

A Protest Against Roman Catholic Intolerance

WHEN the Parents' Exposition was planned for the week of April 21-28 at the Grand Central Palace in New York City, the exhibit of the Birth Control League was deemed acceptable; but the Board of Education of New York City, speaking through Dr. O'Shea, Superin-



Wide World

HONORING THE MEMORY OF A BROTHER FLIER

Miss Herta Junkers and the Bremen fliers at the grave of Floyd Bennett in Washington, where they placed a wreath and the flags the Bremen carried

tendent of Schools, said that it would have to withdraw its own exhibit if that of the Birth Control League was permitted. As a consequence, the exhibit of the League was removed to a place across the street. In comment on this action, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, President of the Birth Control League, said:

"A Roman Catholic aspirant to the Presidency and the party he leads are stressing the importance among non-Catholics of religious tolerance and broad-mindedness. The action of Dr. O'Shea is a flagrant example of the tyrannical intolerance and usurpation of power exercised by office-holders born and bred in the Roman Catholic faith when confronted with a social agency which has aroused the Roman Church to open and undisguised warfare."

Spoiled by a Mere Fact

WILKINS'S transarctic flight knocks a second leg from under a widespread theory that the great unexplored expanse lying between the Pole and Alaska-Siberia conceals a large land area. The first leg of this theory was amputated in 1926 by the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile transpolar flight in the dirigible Norge; no land was seen.

As far back as 1904 the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey tidal expert R. A. Harris claimed that in order to account for the behavior of the Arctic tides it was necessary to postulate in this unknown region the existence of either "a tract of land, an archipelago, or an area of shallow water." For years this was mentioned in scientific literature as a hypothesis; but, unfortunately, many popular writers have stated it as a fact. How Harris went wrong—as it now appears almost certain he did—provides a good example of the risk involved in basing hypothesis on hypothesis, a method often characterized as bad science.

The tides at the Poles tending to occur daily instead of semi-daily, as in low latitudes, but those at Point Barrow, Alaska, being nevertheless semi-daily, Harris reasoned that the tides of the Arctic were mainly Atlantic tides that entered the Arctic between Greenland and Norway (Bering Strait being too narrow and shallow to admit the Pacific tides). He reasoned further that these Atlantic tides reached Point Barrow as if they came, not directly across from their point of entry, but around by way of the Siberian coast. Obviously, Harris argued, they were swinging around some great obstruction.

Nansen, also Sverdrup, took the

opposite stand. More recent evidence showed that the observed peculiarity of the Point Barrow tides could be accounted for by the influence of the shallow, submerged continental shelf of Alaska. By this time, however, the belief in the existence of a great Arctic land mass had taken on the force of a tradition, a tradition which Wilkins has now all but whittled away. Many a fine-spun theory is spoiled by a mere fact.

Speed Mania

"He tackled it with a crippled left hand because it was in his blood to get that record. I did all I could to dissuade him," said the president of the company that made the automobile which Frank Lockhart drove in an attempt at Daytona Beach to beat the record rate of 207.6 miles an hour made three days before by Ray Keech. Momentum attained at that speed endangers spectators as well as driver; a slight swerve (caused in this instance by a blown-out tire) threatens death.

It is an open question whether or not, at this stage of motor-car science, material benefit is gained from such death-daring "tests." There may possibly be some practical knowledge added to that we already have as to engine, transmission, and tires. Shop tests may perhaps not prove conclusively every point of "roadability;" but the balance between such gain and the reckless defiance of death is surely uneven. Behind such frantic attempts to beat records is speed mania, whether it exists in drivers or manufacturers, or both.

Chemistry, from Breakfast to Bedtime

"CHEMISTS once were regarded, with some trepidation, as direct agents of the devil, engaged in a nefarious business that would do no one good," said Samuel W. Parr, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Illinois and President of the American Chemical Society, which he was addressing at St. Louis. "But this is a chemical age. We live, move, and have our physical and physiological being as a result of chemical processes."

Starting with the morning paper, a chemical product, Professor Parr explained, we turn to the breakfast cereal, to ripened fruit, to bread and sanitary drinking water, and the chemist everywhere has been ahead of us. The bright color of the flivver which may take us to our day's business is the work of the chemist. The tires of the vehicle—not

yet synthetic rubber—have been dealt with chemically. And, it was added:

"When you go to your office, everything you see or work with has passed under the scrutiny of or been produced by the chemist. The simple matter of a suitable adhesive has entered the fabrication of your office desk, while the chemist has been busy with the chair you sit in, the built-up office door, and everything you use for the day, from postage-stamps to paper cartons."

On through the various processes of industry, from the making of wearing apparel to the manufacture of perfumes, the service of the chemist may be traced. And for weariness at the end of the day relief possibly may be had through some one of the many "remedial agents" which the chemist synthetically has developed.

The story goes that Gladstone was not greatly impressed with some of the work of Michael Faraday in the then rather pure science of electricity. "After all," the English statesman asked, "what good is it?" Faraday repeated the question. "What good is it? Why, presently, sir," he added, "you will be able to tax it."

Chemistry, like electricity, has been made good not only for taxation, but also, as was shown at this St. Louis meeting, for hourly service of mankind.

Tunney at Yale

LIVE human interest seems nowadays to be a necessary ingredient in the successful work of a college professor. No one knows this better than William Lyon Phelps. When the rumor went around that the champion of the world's square ring was to talk about Shakespeare to Professor Phelps's Shakespeare class at Yale, it met with humorous or skeptical press comment. But on Shakespeare's birthday Gene Tunney was on the job.

If any one thought the affair was to be farcical or ludicrous, he missed his guess. What happened was not a stunt, but a bit of sincere criticism. A man who read "The Winter's Tale" ten times to "get it" to his own satisfaction is not the kind of athlete to need a "ghost writer" or an apologist for talking to Yale students on any subject.

Naturally, Tunney showed admiration for the Bard of Avon as a good sport. In "Troilus and Cressida" the boxer found live interest in Achilles, "champion, superman;" in Ajax, "a great big ambitious fellow like Jack Sharkey;" and in Ulysses, the wily strategist whose description of Ajax he read in Shakespeare's resonant verses "because they apply to me."



Wide World

TUNNEY GOES TO YALE

The champion autographing a book for Professor William Lyon Phelps on his recent visit to a Yale English class

So Tunney the marine, in his camp in France, read and re-read the greatest of English dramatists and has carried on in his study and appreciation ever since—all because he knew another marine who would walk ten miles to get a Shakespeare play to read.

The audience—and later the outside audience of readers—agreed with Professor Phelps that “Shakespeare is known to all the world. He did not write for professors or for the critics; he wrote for all. I know that Mr. Tunney loves literature and the fine arts for their own sake. His coming here today is a gracious and a charming courtesy to Yale.”

Altogether Yale undergraduates had what Mr. Roosevelt was wont to call “a bully good time.” Gene Tunney left an impression of modesty, good fellowship, and friendliness toward the world at large and literature in particular. Universities have given degrees for less academic service.

Better than Hagen

ON the other side of the Atlantic, Walter Hagen, perhaps the greatest match golfer we have—at least among the professionals—was stopping off at Hertfordshire on his way to the British Open and sustaining the worst beating he had ever had on a golf course. The confident Hagen was defeated by Archie Compston, British pro, by the amazing score of 18 up and 17 to play.

Hagen, to be sure, had started play

just after he had completed the long journey from California to England, but there was no denying the fact that he was up against the most amazing sort of golf, one of the best exhibitions that a British player has given since the close of the war.

Hagen, not always fortunate in his actions in connection with the diplomatic side of the game, made more friends in defeat than he ever had in victory. He had no alibis of any sort, and said that his own game, except for its putting, was as good as he could expect. He added, gracefully, that it was an “honor to be beaten by such golf.” He heads now toward the Open with a good many new-found friends at his back.

Primary Victories for Hoover and Smith

THE probabilities that the East and West will meet in the next Presidential campaign have been greatly strengthened by primaries in Ohio, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. Herbert Hoover, of California, and Governor Smith, of New York, have emerged from these recent battles for delegates with colors flying.

Hoover was advised to keep out of the Ohio contest, on the principle that it was bad business to arouse the antagonism of a favorite son. The death of Senator Willis, the Ohio candidate, left Mr. Hoover in the position of having, not one opponent to face, but the entire field. It appears that in the face of this opposi-

tion Hoover won all the seven Ohio delegates at large and more than a majority of the district delegates.

In Massachusetts the delegates selected are unpledged, but the voters of the Bay State expressed an overwhelming desire for Herbert Hoover as the standard-bearer of the Republican Party. The delegate at large who got the most votes on the uninstructed slate was Senator Frederick H. Gillett, who is an open advocate of the nomination of Herbert Hoover.

Governor Smith did not enter the contest in Ohio, and the thirty-eight delegates of that State are pledged to support Atlee Pomerene for the nomination. It is probable that the delegates will go to Smith early in the Convention balloting.

In Pennsylvania Governor Smith has obtained all except ten of the seventy-six State delegates.

In Massachusetts not only did the voters of his own party indorse Governor Smith's candidacy, but a significant number of Republicans wrote in his name on their own party ballots.

Borah's Warning to the Republicans

AGAIN Senator Borah has summoned his party to repudiate corruption and to lead the fight for clean government.

“The world will judge the Republican Party,” he said in a speech at the Hamilton Club, Chicago, “not by what took place prior to the recent exposures, but by the course and conduct of the party after the exposures. . . . It is my contention that the future of the Republican Party and its possibility of service to the public depend not upon what a few men did in secret and without the slightest knowledge of the voters of the party, but upon what you and I and all Republicans, knowing the facts, advised of the treachery, and warned of the evils, propose to do next and in the open. . . . There are those, of course, who will charge that the party as a party has forfeited its right to the confidence of the American people. In such an event, there will be those who will retort by hunting out the evidence to show that there are corrupt Democrats. The Queens Borough scandal in New York and the oil scandal will take their places in campaign literature. Teapot Dome and Tammany Hall will be weighed against each other on the hustings, and the voters will be urged to decide between acute and chronic corruption. But I beg the Republican Party to believe that the issue in which the people are interested is broader and deeper. The American people divide into parties,

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but whether Democrats or Republicans, they are first and above all devoted to our Government. . . . Partisan fencing will not satisfy them."

Fords on the Installment Plan

It has been semi-officially reported in Detroit that the Ford Motor Company plans to emulate General Motors and establish a subsidiary company to handle the financing of cars sold on the installment plan. Press despatches state that the new concern will be known as the Universal Credit Company and that formal announcement regarding it will be made in a few days. Incorporation papers have already been filed.

Public interest will center, of course, on whether this means that the new Ford cars are to be sold on more generous terms. They have long been sold on the installment plan, of course, but all of the financing has been done by the local Ford dealer. And the amount held in abeyance has depended upon the dealer's banking connections, his eagerness to sell a car, and the general financial situation in his territory.

In patterning his new enterprise on the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, as he seems to have done, Mr. Ford is on safe ground. This company has been enormously successful and has financed General Motors purchases which must have run into the billions. The Ford subsidiary, it is reported from Detroit, will not sell stock to the public, but will be owned by banking interests long affiliated with Mr. Ford. Branches will be established in various parts of the country.

Corinth—New and Old

REPEATED earthquake shocks have practically destroyed the modern Corinth. This city had something like 70,000 people, and reports state that 16,000 are destitute and homeless. It is pleasant to Americans to read that in this emergency the American Red Cross offered tents and supplies for nearly the whole number.

The modern city of Corinth owes its existence to a former earthquake. When old Corinth was devastated (in 1858) and almost totally destroyed by earthquake, the inhabitants moved nearer to the sea and founded the new city.

Old Corinth itself suffered little by the recent calamity for the very good reason that there was not much there to destroy. Yet there were some losses of ancient monuments and statues in that vicinity. Fortunately, the ancient temple of Apollo, or rather the remaining

columns of that temple, were uninjured. As became a Doric city, this temple had, and still has, the noblest examples of the Doric column to be found anywhere.

Old Corinth had seen many notable and terrible historic events. Under the Roman rule it was completely destroyed for participation in a revolt; its inhabitants were sold into slavery, and for one hundred years its site lay destitute. It was refounded by Julius Caesar, and it was this later Corinth that Saint Paul knew and to the people of which he wrote the Epistles to the Corinthians. Its condition at that time has been described as that of "the most splendid commercial city of Greece and the chosen abode of luxurious materialism and frivolous immorality."

Not far from Corinth lies the great Isthmian Canal, talked of by the ancients, started and abandoned by Nero, and finished in our day (1893). It cuts the Isthmus of Corinth and greatly shortens the sea journey from the Adriatic to Athens. Before it was built the Isthmus was like a gigantic "carry" for portage.

The whole region in this part of the Peloponnesus has from time immemorial been subject to violent earthquake commotions. At least eight are recorded. Its history is one long narrative of distress to the inhabitants through natural causes, through the clash of the internal wars of Greece, and through the ravages and cruelty of its conquerors.

The Movies and the Sherman Law

THE Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., of which the eminent Will H. Hays is the head, has been named as codefendant in an equity action brought by the Department of Justice. The suit is to determine whether the motion-picture producers and distributors of the country, or the majority of them, have violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Ten distributing corporations are named in the action.

The Department of Justice has been investigating, quite literally for years, the question of whether there is monopolistic control in the motion-picture industry. The defendant corporations in the Government's suit distribute about sixty per cent of all the films in the United States. Through film boards of trade encouraged by the Hays organization the distribution of almost ninety-eight per cent of the films produced is supervised.

These film boards of trade have been the subject of particular attention by the

Department of Justice, and in the complaint filed it is made clear that the present suit is to determine what they are really doing. Disputes between distributor and exhibitor are settled, in the various territories, by boards of arbitration consisting of members of the boards of trade and representatives of the motion-picture-theatre owners. It has long been the contention of Mr. Hays that thousands of disputes have been settled without court action and with the saving of large sums.

The minority of independent exhibitors have protested from time to time against practices of the boards of arbitration, however. The contention of the Government is that, while they may do much good, they are, by their form and through their power of cutting off the supply of films, a source of potential oppression. The equity action which has been started is, it is set forth, a "friendly" one. This means that prosecutions are unlikely.

Mr. Loree Sells Out

WHATEVER the ultimate effect on railroad consolidations, the sale by Mr. L. F. Loree, President of the Delaware and Hudson, of his holdings in the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash Railways appears to have been a happy stroke for himself and his railroad. The price paid by the Pennsylvania Railroad, \$63,000,000, is known to be well in excess of the sum expended by the D. & H., and already holders of Loree stock are dreaming of a luscious melon.

The deal seems to shed little light on the subject of consolidation, however, except to the extent that it indicates a return to four trunk lines instead of five. Mr. Loree had planned, for trading purposes at the very least, a fifth line from the Atlantic seaboard to the Great Lakes. This would have been in competition with the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Nickel Plate. The D. & H., unimportant in itself, had achieved trunk-line possibilities through its interests in the Wabash and the Lehigh Valley. Wall Street, inevitably fascinated by railroad deals, is inclined to watch for further actions from Mr. Loree.

A motive for Mr. Loree's abandonment of the fifth trunk-line dream was, no doubt, reported disapproval by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Transportation Act of 1920, which gave this important regulatory body control over mergers and their financing, favored consolidation on the theory that it would bring greater operating effi-



Wide World

RINGSIDE SEATS FOR THE CIRCUS

Members of Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus giving their annual private performance for the shut-ins of Bellevue Hospital

ciency. But the legislation provided for the safeguarding of weaker and shorter lines. Some of these, though financially less strong than the great companies, are vital links. Their disposition haunts the nights of many a railroad executive.

Mr. Hoover and the Farm Issue

As indications that Secretary Hoover's farm record is not without its defenders, there may be noted, among others, these statements from and about the central agricultural area:

Henry J. Allen, former Governor of Kansas: "While Kansas is sincerely for Senator Curtis and hopes for his nomination, Hoover, if nominated, will poll much better than the party vote in a contest with Governor Smith."

Oscar E. Bradfute, of Ohio, former President of the American Farm Bureau Federation: "Herbert Hoover has been one of the best friends the American farmer ever had since the opening days of the World War."

Sherman P. Houston, of Missouri, a leader among the farm and live-stock interests: "Farmers of Missouri and other States have a grievance, but not of Hoover making. Designing politicians have sought to capitalize the distress of

the farmer by distorting facts of history and playing upon his prejudice."

Don Livingston, a former Commissioner of Agriculture in South Dakota: "No man in public life has approved so nearly all the demands of agriculture as has Herbert Hoover."

William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture, former resident of Kansas: "Mr. Hoover's actions always have been in the interest of the Department's work and of the farmer."

Less Noise from the Railroads

As has been asserted previously in The Outlook, setting several cubic miles of air into nerve-racking vibration by means of a locomotive whistle in order to communicate with one man at the rear of a long freight train is a ridiculously clumsy method of transmitting a signal. Now come new tests of special radio apparatus by means of which a conductor seated in his caboose at the rear of a train may quietly signal and converse with the engineman with the facility of an ordinary telephone call. ... On the New York Central Railroad such apparatus has been tried out with success, and it has even proved possible for a yardmaster equipped with a radio

transmitter to boss his switch engines running about the switch yards, at a large saving in time and efficiency. The operation is simple: The conductor pushes a button in the caboose; a sharp call signal is immediately heard directly over the engineman's head, where a powerful loudspeaker is permanently attached. The engineman picks up a hand telephone, and conversation ensues. That is all there is to it.

The apparatus on the engine is housed in a steel box like a trunk on top of the tender, and the necessary power is taken from the dynamo that runs the headlight. A simple brass pipe looking like a railing on the tender acts as the antenna, and the apparatus operates on the 109-130 meter wave-band.

By means of this equipment pusher engines may be started simultaneously with the leading engine and without the annoying series of hoots and toots that usually precedes the starting of a stalled freight train. This advance should also do away with the irritating four or five long whistles whose significance the country over is to call in the brakemen. Few will regret the day when all the railroads have equipped their rolling stock with silent train radios and stopped screeching.

Stage Indecency and the Police

CENSORSHIP via the constable-police-public official route has not been without its handicaps for some few centuries.

Every now and then American cities are confronted with the problem of so-called indecency on the stage. A recent example is Kansas City. There, local groups, failing elsewhere, appealed to the City Manager, H. F. McElroy, to enforce the law by having informations filed and warrants served against the stage offenders. The City Manager replied, with candor, that he would "do no such damned thing."

Then appeal went to the Police Department, with other results. It was proposed—and the motion was carried—that the police visit the theatres and report conditions on which action should be taken. The Police Commissioners had their misgivings, one of them murmuring that his men "were not trained for it"—that is, dramatic criticism. To this it was replied that any intelligent person, including of course a policeman, knew the difference between decency and indecency, and what to do when the difference became too marked.

Thus the police, in the dress of plain citizens, to their new duties before the footlights. To this writing there have been no reports, hence no actions filed.

From Washington

The Senate Shortens a Slash

ON the whole, the tax bill reported by the Senate Finance Committee is much more nearly to the Administration's liking than the one passed by the House. It would reduce taxes by only \$203,000,000, whereas the House bill carries reductions of \$290,000,000. Except that the automobile tax is repealed and the inheritance tax retained, practically all Administration demands are met in the Senate committee bill.

Presidential approval may be expected—if the Senate bill finally triumphs over the House bill.

The President Still Commander-in-Chief

THE President's foreign policies fare better at the hands of Congress than his domestic policies. His program of keeping marines in Nicaragua to supervise the approaching election and to protect American lives and property was given by the Senate a vote of confidence such as few things could command from that body.

Senator Blaine, of Wisconsin, and Senator Norris, of Nebraska, had introduced amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill demanding withdrawal of the marines. The two amendments were consolidated and, in an effort to secure support, changed to make it possible for the marines to be kept in Nicaragua until after election.

Even with this concession, only fifteen Democrats and seven radical Republicans—five besides the authors of the amendment—voted for it. Among the fifteen Democrats were practically all of the supporters, on that side of the chamber, of the waning Ku Klux Klan.

Fifty-two Senators voted to kill the amendment. Except for the unanimous Senate vote for the Flood Control Bill, this was the most impressive showing made on any roll-call at this session.

Flood Fight Half Won

AGAIN veto of the Mississippi River Flood Control Bill looms as a probability. The President's fight for revision of the measure was half lost after it had been won. Some changes—two of importance—were made to meet the President's wishes. Local participation in costs went back into the bill to the extent of levee rights of way on the main river, and the provision for damages, which, the President thought, unduly favored railroad and lumber companies, was changed for the better. The portion

of costs to be borne by localities is, however, still very small.

The President's contention that local money ought to pay for rights of way for spillway levees was lost. Representative Madden, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, kept in close touch with the President and valiantly led the fight at this point. But finally Mr. Madden, in what was to be the last important public act of his life, surrendered the contention and became a supporter of the bill. He was joined by Chairman Snell, of the Rules Committee, and the opposition practically collapsed. The final vote was 254 to 90. One less than half of the Republicans present supported the President.

To the conferees adjusting the differences between Senate and House bills, the President has submitted a list of eleven objections. Some of these may be met by conference changes. Everybody involved, Congress and President alike, is sincerely concerned to avoid a veto. There appears at each end of the avenue a desire to compromise so far as principle will permit—but the principles are as far apart as the ends of the avenue.

Martin B. Madden

THE most powerful member of Congress is dead. In his committee capacity Martin B. Madden never had a predecessor. The time is likely to be long before one is found who, in all respects, may be regarded as his successor. There were before him, of course, chairmen of committees on appropriations, but he was the first Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. The Budget Act concentrated in one committee the power that before had been distributed among a number, and Madden, of Illinois, was from the first its Chairman. His has been the duty of knowing where and how four billion dollars a year of Government money was to be spent.

For the success of the budget system much credit is due General Dawes and General Lord, the two men who have served as Directors of the Budget. But it may well be that the largest share of the credit is due Mr. Madden. But for his able course in Congress, the budget system could hardly have succeeded.

Since Speaker Cannon's authority was curtailed there had been no other man in the House whose position gave him such power as was Madden's. Yet few were ever held in such high regard by the entire membership, and never was there one in whom the quality of fairness was more universally recognized.

An Englishman by birth, a builder by

occupation, Martin B. Madden gave to the lawmaking branch of the American Government, through the twenty-four years of his service, an ability rarely equaled by native-born and legally trained Representatives in Congress.

The Franking Privilege

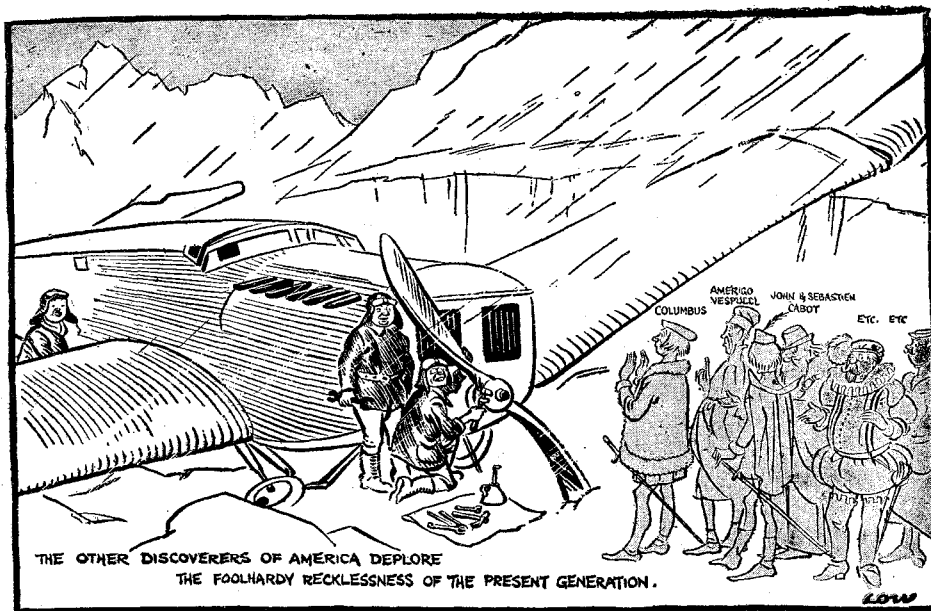
At last something is to be seen about what Congressmen do with their franks—or at least, what one Congressman does. There has been referred to the Post Office Department from the House Naval Affairs Committee a complaint that the frank of Representative McClintic, of Oklahoma, a member of the Committee, was used by the National Council for the Prevention of War to send out subscription blanks and other non-frankable matter, along with a frankable report on the naval construction program. Mr. McClintic has explained that he turned over to the Council 20,000 unaddressed envelopes, sealed, containing the report. Officials of the Council have denied that unfrankable material was inserted in these envelopes.

The facts of this case are for the Post Office Department to determine, but here is a fact known to numerous citizens of the United States: Franks other than Mr. McClintic's are being used in sending out material for the transportation of which the taxpayers should not have to pay. All of it may be legally sent, but much of it is unwisely and some of it selfishly sent, and good would result if intelligent investigation could extend far beyond the McClintic case.

Stewart Had Continental Bonds

THE Walsh Committee has found the last of the Consolidated Trading Company bonds, representing the profits from a queer deal among oil companies. Colonel Robert W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, took the stand and testified that he received \$759,500 of the bonds. He said that he used none of them himself, but placed them in trust for the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. A pencil memorandum of the trust was placed in the record. The bonds had remained in a vault in Chicago from 1922 until three days before Colonel Stewart admitted possession of them.

Clipping of coupons stopped when the Teapot Dome scandal broke. The Chairman of the Committee asserted, on the authority of deposit slips, that the proceeds of some of the coupons cashed before that time went into Colonel Stewart's personal account. Colonel Stewart



From the Evening Standard (London)

At Greenly Island

replied, "That may well be; I have nothing with which to refresh my memory."

When he was before the Committee in February, Colonel Stewart denied any knowledge of any Continental Trading Company bonds. It was for refusal to answer questions following this denial that he was arrested for contempt of the Senate. He is now under indictment on that charge. He may be tried in court, but the possibility of his being haled before the bar of the Senate is now gone. He escaped that in the first place by habeas corpus proceedings.

A part of Colonel Stewart's recent testimony was that he did not expect any profits from the Continental deal, but that the other parties to it insisted

upon his having a share. He said that three days before his appearance on the stand he had called the directors of the Standard of Indiana together and explained the transaction to them. The directors decided, he said, that the Standard should not retain any of the bonds, but that all of them should be turned over to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. This company is jointly owned by the Standard of Indiana and the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company.

Thus ends the Senate search for the elusive \$4,000,000 profits of the Continental Trading Company, a concern that existed for the making of a single purchase and sale of crude oil.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

"FRANCE is the Power which has suffered most from war. America is the Power which can do most for peace." So the French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, has summed up the situation underlying the movement to outlaw war.

M. Claudel spoke before the American Society of International Law in Washington, in response to an address by the Secretary of State. Mr. Kellogg had analyzed the French alternative to the American draft for a joint treaty of the Powers renouncing war and agreeing to settle all disputes by pacific means. He had declared that he saw in the French reservations no obstacle to acceptance of the treaty he proposed.

Taking them up one by one, Mr. Kellogg argued that the right of self-defense and of freedom to act against an aggres-

sor are implied in his treaty. He contended that neither the Covenant of the League of Nations nor the Locarno treaties conflicts with it. He reasserted the desire of the United States to make adherence to the joint agreement as widespread as possible. And in regard to the French alliances on the Continent of Europe, he suggested pointedly that France should be able to induce her allies to sign the treaty against war and so bring them all under its protection.

Ambassador Claudel asserted that "nobody was more pleased than France to see her American sister taking the rôle of the wise Athena."

The discussion of the treaty to end war is proceeding temporarily, as was to be expected, by indirect debate while the Governments consider their policies. Favor is developing, in the meantime,

for the simply drawn American document condemning war.

In Great Britain, it has become clear, official opinion leans to the plan that has come from Washington more than to the more complicated one advanced by Paris—which London regards as a scheme to secure recognition for the French system of alliances.

Germany has also decided to accept in principle the American compact against war.

In Italy, Mussolini is said to incline to sneer at all anti-war programs. But he is unlikely to reject a proposal coming from the United States which does not conflict directly with Fascist policy. His desire for American good will is well known.

The Japanese Government is particularly interested in the chance of a general agreement outlawing war, since neither of the Powers with which it is primarily concerned—Russia and the United States—is a member of the League of Nations. The American multilateral treaty to debar all war would thus provide a safeguard now lacking.

The movement to outlaw war seems to be progressing toward at least a diplomatic success.

WOMEN are to blame for war, Rear-Admiral Fiske has meanwhile discovered. "The jewels, silks, great houses, limousines—these are the things that women crave, and these are the things that men compete for to obtain for their women." He thinks it dangerous that at the same time women deplore war and try to promote the organization of peace.

If Admiral Fiske had limited himself to saying that women are as responsible as men for an order of society that tends to war, it might have been possible to agree with him. But men like luxury and wealth as well as women; and how about the urge for power, the desire to impose one's own view of his interests and rights, the itch to tell other people what to do and be obeyed? Are these impulses feminine rather than masculine? And how many wars—political and religious—have they caused?

Admiral Fiske's view is too simple to fit in with history and actual life. The trouble apparently is that he cannot envisage abandoning combat for debate as a means of settling disputes. Neither could duelists before law gradually did away with dueling.

THE BOLSHEVIKS are setting the Soviet stage for a new conflict with the productive peasants. And the com-

ing summer and autumn will see a fresh test of their strength and their policies.

The means they have chosen is a new tax law, by which they expect to raise the state revenue from the peasants to 400,000,000 rubles, as compared with 320,000,000 rubles. Further, the law would free the poorest third of the peasantry from any payments, reduce the taxes on the so-called "middle peasants" who make up more than half of the class, and lay the burden of over three-fifths of the total levy on the richer peasants, less than one-sixth of the whole group.

The Soviet officials have recently had to resort to confiscating grain to meet their needs for the Red Army and other distributions—marking a return to earlier methods of militant Communism. The new tax measure, which is to go into effect in October, will raise discrimination against the well-to-do peasants to the highest point since the abandonment of pure Communism and the introduction of the so-called "new economic policy," which sanctioned some private trading.

The effect of this on Soviet agriculture is hard to predict. Some peasant delegates to the Soviet Union Congress which adopted the law said that they feared it would result in splitting up the larger holdings and even the moderate holdings of land in order to avoid taxes—with a consequent loss in efficiency and production. One of them asserted that "tens of thousands" of private peasant industries have shut down during the past year because the state restricts trade and maintains an artificial high level of prices which bears especially on the peasants.

The aim of the Moscow bureaucrats is to replace both these enterprises and also the wealthier peasants with state-operated industries and farms. But unless they succeed better than Soviet state factories have in the past, the new "return to Leninism" will prove anything but a solution of Russia's economic troubles.

BELA KUN, who headed the Soviet Government set up in Hungary in 1919, has fallen into the hands of the Austrian police in Vienna. When his Government was overthrown, he fled to Austria and was allowed to go to Russia upon his promise never to return. Recently the director of Communist propaganda in Hungary and elsewhere in southeastern Europe died, and Bela Kun went to replace him. He opened headquarters in what purported to be a



THE ITALIA REACHES GERMANY

General Nobile lands at Stolp on his flight to the North Pole

wholesale drug store. But the Vienna police quickly suspected what sort of drug he was distributing, identified him—and now the question is what they shall do with him.

The former dictator for five months would be a particularly welcome sight to the present authorities in Hungary. They want him for having conducted agitation from Moscow to overthrow them; and if Austria should permit him to be extradited there is little chance that he would ever get out of Hungary again alive. Soviet Russia will also claim him, for he has occupied a number of important official posts, including that of chief of the Propaganda Department. But Austria herself has charges enough against him to keep him in jail for a considerable time, and will probably prefer that to releasing him either to Hungary or to Russia.

AMIR AMANULLAH of Afghanistan has ended his grand tour of western Europe and started for Moscow—leaving Rome, Paris, Berlin, and London guessing which gained most from his visit. Railway, telegraph, telephone, road-building, and industrial contracts—these were the tangible proofs of hospitality appreciated for which the capitals were bidding. But the results seem to have been less than were anticipated, with a general suspicion that Great Britain came out best. And now he is off for the Soviet stronghold, where everything may be undermined on his way home. But at least his Western hosts cannot fear that the Communists have much to sell him.

As he leaves, there comes a verified report that gold of a superior quality has been discovered in the Kandahar Valley of Afghanistan.

Hoover Wins in Ohio

HERBERT HOOVER'S victory in the Ohio primary is really a victory of the rank and file of the Republican Party against the party satraps.

There in Ohio were arrayed against each other the two forces that appear in every Presidential nomination campaign—the force of the players of the political game and the force of public opinion.

It is not always that these two forces have been in opposition to each other. During the past quarter-century the history of the Republican Party has largely been the story of the swing of these forces as they have been at one time at odds and at another time in unison. When that quarter-century began, the party organization, composed of practical politicians, who make a business as well as a game of party politics, was in the control of a popular idol. In the person of Theodore Roosevelt the two forces were united as they had seldom, if ever, been before. Those who feared or hated Roosevelt had little power in politics and no influence with the public. So complete was the parallel between the force of party leaders and the force of public sentiment that President Roosevelt could, and did, direct the nomination of his successor. In a few months the two forces swung apart. By 1912 they were meeting head on. In that test of strength the rank and file overcame the satraps; but in the struggle the party was ousted from power for eight years. The swing of the two forces toward the parallel was not enough in 1916 to bring victory. It was a year of compromise, and compromise was fatal. Then came the war to America and afterwards war weariness. Public opinion was confused and apathetic. The bosses had their way. But the victory which the party leaders engineered in 1920 was costly. If public opinion won in 1924, it was not because of its strength, but because of the breakdown of the elder gamesters' organization. And if public opinion, such as it was, won because of the weakness of the opposition within the party, the party itself won because of weakness of the opposition outside.

And so we come to 1928. The bosses, the satraps, the gamesters, have been at their intrigues. They have thought that perhaps they could do what was done in 1920. They have sought to confuse public sentiment. Their course in Ohio, playing with quasi-heroics about the name and draped picture of a dead candidate, has been typical. But public opinion has attached itself to Herbert Hoover and has been organized. Its power which has been beneath the surface is coming into view. The battle-ground of Ohio was ideal for the new test. The tactics of each side were characteristic. The issue was as clear as it ever is in politics. And public opinion won.

The result restores faith in popular government.

Hail and Farewell!

THE flags over American cities were half-masted for Floyd Bennett. Somehow these drooping colors seemed an inadequate symbol for the passing of his adventurous soul. Perhaps some day when such gallant spirits

set forth into the unknown we shall have learned to play brave music and to fly our banners from the topmost peaks!

Our Courts Under Fire

SINCLAIR'S acquittal on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease must be accepted as establishing his status under the law. In such a case as this those who are dissatisfied with the verdict and who consult only their own emotions are likely to blame the jury. It is, however, not these critics, but the members of the jury who have heard the evidence, watched the witnesses, followed the arguments of counsel, and listened to the rulings and the charge of the judge, and have the responsibility for the verdict upon which they have agreed. If in such a case there is a miscarriage of justice, we may more profitably look for the cause in the law and in the technicalities, obscurities, restrictions, needless complications, with which trials of criminal cases in America are surrounded.

If the belief that American legal procedure is too technical and involved to serve well the ends of justice were confined to laymen unversed in the law, it might be shown unsound. But this belief is by no means confined to laymen. It has been iterated and reiterated by some of the ablest men of the bar and the bench. Notable among those who have plead for a simplification of legal practice and procedure is the present Chief Justice of the United States. A few weeks ago one of the ablest judges of New York State, Judge Proskauer of the Appellate Division of that State's Supreme Court, warned the members of the legal profession that if they did not reform legal procedure for themselves they might find, as the legal profession of Great Britain found a hundred years ago, the matter taken out of their hands by an indignant public. The trouble is that our legislative bodies are largely composed of lawyers, and that they are apt to look upon the law as their private preserve, to be kept inviolate from the encroachments and poaching of mere laymen. As a consequence, American judges and American juries alike are bound about with red tape. As Judge Proskauer pointed out, juries were not originally supposed to be wholly ignorant of the facts in a case they were to try or unacquainted with the participants. On the contrary, they were supposed to be chosen for their knowledge of conditions under which the case they were to try had arisen. And judges were not mere referees, but were in fact judges, exercising discrimination. In America the tendency has been to choose jurors for their ignorance and to make judges merely oral encyclopædias of the law, and then to weave about both judge and jury a web of technicalities.

Fortunately, our Federal judiciary has been less hampered than that of many of our States. But if the United States Senate has its way, our Federal judges will become hampered like other American judges, instead of being free. The Senate has passed a bill making it a "reversible error" for the judge presiding over a case in which a jury has been impaneled to try the issue by facts "to express his personal opinion as to the credibility of witnesses or the weight of testimony." It is not surprising that business men are resorting to arbitration in preference to the courts and that trial by jury under our present restrictions is undergoing a fire of criticism.

His People—Clothes—Dumb

Miniatures from the Life

His People

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, a young Italian woman was happy with her little boy. He was only yesterday a baby. Today he was almost a man, for he was three years old, reaching his hands out to the soft Sicilian sunlight, staggering over the grass and out into the road like a regular soldier. He had the adventurous spirit, and his mother watched him with love and pride and distraction. One day he would venture too far. Where was he even now? A moment ago under her hand—there setting off already towards the village. She would run after him and bring him back, hugging and scolding. In a few years now she could not keep him any longer, but, thank God! he was still little, and could not do without her.

One day—where was the child? Not sleeping, not playing quietly in any corner, nowhere along the road. . . . At length she ran wildly to the neighbors. Had they had a glimpse, perchance, of that bold young fellow, three years old and afraid of nothing?

Nothing of the young adventurer had been seen. Nothing had been seen that day that was unusual, save a band of gypsies straggling down the road; from Hungary, by the looks of them.

Nor the next day; nor the following week; nor yet when a year had passed. Still she would not believe he was not somewhere around the corner. After one year, two years, ten years—would she not know him again? Like a shot in the heart! God was only trying her. She must never stop looking.

The years became twenty, and more than twenty. He would now be a grown man—tall and powerful—but she would know him. On a day that found her on the streets she looked suddenly into his eyes. No need to tell her this fellow was a Hungarian gypsy. Here was her baby, three years old, again. She caught him as though she would have lifted him up and carried him, scolding and hugging again, back to the little house left twenty-four years ago. But this time it was he who would carry her. "See," he argued, "these gypsies—they are my family. This girl"—he pulled her towards his mother—"she is my wife. Of royal blood! This caravan is my home. Come with us. You are my mother—come with us!"

By IBBY HALL

She looked at him, and in all those twenty-four years she saw he had been closer to her than now. She saw she had made only that one mistake—at three, still little and young enough to carry, he had been sufficiently strong and adventurous to do without her.

Clothes

DOWN in Georgia, a man escaped from prison twelve years ago. He escaped, luckily, with his own clothes; not yet convicted, evidently, of the crime for which he was to stand trial; not yet condemned to a term or stripes. However brief, his taste of prison was enough. To this man confinement didn't bear thinking about. Somehow he escaped—and with all his clothes.

For twelve years, through one town after another, through various sets of circumstance and different surroundings, this man has moved warily and successfully. Only two jailers have been too sharp for him—poverty and hard luck. These two he has never been able to escape, and the other day a third one.

For there is a police detective in Georgia who never gives up. This detective arrived in New York the other day, and demanded the extradition of a citizen who called himself John Brown.

John Brown had not much money, but he managed to find an attorney to represent him. At the hearing the attorney was indignant. "How is it possible," he wanted to know, "that this police detective"—he indicated somewhat contemptuously the gentleman from the South—"can remember for twelve years what a man looks like?" The escaped prisoner had a different name—he might even have had a different face. Twelve years is a long time, and memories, even in the South, are none too good. The judge was impressed.

The gentleman from the South appeared a little ridiculous. He put his hand in his pocket, and stepped forward, and no one in the court-room observed those two invisible jailers that kept step with him, and from whom the defendant had never yet managed to escape. From his pocket the police detective drew

a photograph. He submitted it to the judge. "This," he said, "is a photograph taken of the prisoner before his escape." He waited a moment, before adding softly those words which were to serve as handcuffs for John Brown. "Your honor will observe that the defendant is wearing the same sweater."

Dumb

A FREIGHT car rumbled through the streets of lower New York the other day, and its solitary passenger sat up and sniffed the air. He took in his surroundings with an observant eye. There was something—something indefinite that made him feel wistfully at home. He didn't remember ever having been here before, but in his heart was that strange emotion of recognition that comes with natural affinity. Instantly the brown-and-white dog jumped from the freight car and trotted down the street. He found his way at once to the nearest police station. He had arrived at his home. He was now looking for a master.

But there is a Society in New York that carries off unwanted dogs lest they invite cruel treatment. The police at once notified this Society. The wagon arrived. The dog was gone. There was no brown-and-white dog to be found in the neighborhood.

No sooner had the wagon rolled off than the uninvited guest appeared again. He spent the rest of the day adopting a master, following him about on his route, and observing that he was a man of honor and kindness. The next day the wagon returned, and again the dog had disappeared; but by nightfall he returned to choose another friend. By the time the wagon had come to fetch him four times the dog had adopted three policemen as his masters. Three, he thought, were enough. After all, a dog has but four legs, and it is necessary to run very fast and pant quite continuously if you are bound to see that nothing happens to three policemen.

After its fourth trip the Society refused to send again for an animal that was only hearsay. Now that dog has a home and three masters, a muzzle, and a license. For it seems that the entire police station was finally forced to hold a meeting, and agree among themselves that they had been adopted.

We Have With Us—"The Ladder"

THE other day we heard that Mr. J. Frank Davis, the author and, to our best belief, the producer of "The Ladder," had leased the Port Theatre for five months more—thus assuring patrons of the New York drama an extended opportunity to view

his masterpiece. Since it has already been on view for many months, and has veered from playing to an audience of twenty people who paid for their seats up to a thousand who didn't, it has certainly arrived at the point where, be it good play or a bad play, it is "news."

Why does Mr. Davis do it? Nobody seems very sure; although many explanations have been printed to the effect that Mr. Davis has already made two fortunes by sticking to a thing after it seemed to be a failure, and that he was positive that if he presented "The Ladder" long enough, it also would blossom into a success. In addition, we have heard murmurs of a belief by the author in the theory of reincarnation, of which—so these wiseacres say—"The Ladder" is an illustration.

Considering all these things, and having a suspicion ourselves that the play was merely another production by the Anti-Critic Trust (presented solely for the purpose of further irritating Mr. Heywood Broun and the other gentlemen of the press, who looked upon Abie's Irish Rose" and proclaimed it no good")—considering all these things, we took ourselves to see it the other night, and herewith report that it is impossible to tell what it's all about.

In the first place, our companion liked it better than "The Three Musketeers"—he thought it was funnier. Most of the audience, however, seemed to like it sincerely; and to applaud Carroll McComas and the other players vociferously—though whether in recognition of their courage in following through such performance, or whether as a genuine recognition of liking for the play, we were unable to discern.

Certainly, whatever of "reincarnation"



there might have been in the tale at the start, not much is apparent in the present much-revised version. The first part reminded us of one of the melodramas which Owen Davis's stock company used to put on years ago, when he didn't have enough money to get the manuscript of a new play from the express office, and so had to write one for himself over Saturday and Sunday. The earmarks were all there—a hotel room in Paris, an intolerant, suspicious fiancée, a noble hero helping the mistress and child of his dead comrade, a total lack of explanations between the hero and the fiancée, and, finally, a beautiful, much bepowdered, wonderfully emotional French girl just perfectly crazy about the hero and unable to keep her arms from around his neck. Do we need to add that the act ends with a misunderstanding?

Follows the effort of the fiancée to make herself a great painter, while remaining hard and intolerant about the hero—all of which results, through circumstances we haven't the heart to recount, in the French girl turning on the gas in the heroine's studio, thus precipitating another act which supposedly takes place in the heroine's mind.

Like "Beggars on Horseback," this is a dream. And as a dream it is not so bad. Back to the time of the Crusades in England, to the days of the Restoration, to New York before the Civil War, the dream carries the characters in different ages, in different walks of life, in different dramatic situations, all of which have one characteristic in common, namely, that the lady is always hard and intolerant. This is not so bad, because you begin to realize that the playwright doesn't like his heroine either, and

thinks some of these experiences may do her good. In addition, many things which occur in these playlets are precisely the sort of things that do occur in dreams. And this part of the show is passable. It is easy to believe that all these scenes can pass rapidly through the heroine's mind during the five minutes she is supposed to be dying. And they make sense in their delineation of character. Clearly, the heroine is suffering from a bitter inner conflict. If this is the playwright's idea (you reflect), perhaps the rest of the play will be good.

Alas, for your hopes, however! In the last act again appears that feeble imitator of Owen Davis, and lo! comes another act just like the first one—an act only saved by the excellent vaudeville work of three of the minor characters, whose wisecracks are such a relief to the audience that they laugh immoderately.

In fact, it is fair to state that the play, as it stands at the present time, shows all the signs of having had three different minds at work on it; contains some excellent dialogue, some humor, and two or three good scenes, but suffers badly because it is slung together without any artistic sense of proportion whatever.

You can't put stark tragedy beside farcical vaudeville and expect your audience to take the tragedy seriously. The effect is not one of tears and laughter. It is more comparable to the situation that would be produced by a cheap joke uttered in bad taste by the minister at a funeral. At bottom, this is what the matter is with "The Ladder," and no amount of acting by Carroll McComas or any one else can ever alter it. The funnier it is, the worse it gets. And, incidentally, the more you hate the minister.

They say the author is taking the play to London. If he does, we hope he doesn't give away the seats free in that metropolis. An audience which does not pay is a very queer assemblage of people—and no help to any actor.

FRANCIS R. BELLAMY.

The Autocrat of the Opera-House

By EUGENE BONNER

THE season of 1927-8 at the Metropolitan Opera House came to an end Saturday evening, April 14, with a presentation of those perennial operatic twins "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."

That same performance marked the rounding out of Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza's twenty years' tenure of office as General Manager of our Thirty-ninth Street temple of operatic art, a long-distance record equaled by few, if any, directors who have held down similar positions.

Coming into office at a period when all was prosperous and serene, and taking charge of a company which for the sheer brilliance of its personnel has perhaps never been paralleled in operatic history, he has managed to stay at the helm of this ship loaded with temperamental warblers for twenty years—two decades in which were demonstrated as never before the changes and chances of this transitory life. Crowns, royal and artistic, with thrones ditto, have toppled and crashed. The temple of music has been rocked to its foundations even as the social, political, and economic structure.

It is for reasons such as these that it is impossible to pass the same judgment on Mr. Gatti's reign that could have been meted out had the Great War with its demoralizing aftermath never overwhelmed us.

That in many respects Mr. Gatti has been extremely efficient, dignified, and not infrequently long-suffering cannot be denied by his worst enemy. On the other hand, that certain deplorable conditions were generated by his policy is equally not to be denied. Intrigues and jealousies created situations that resulted on several occasions in some of the finest artists leaving the Metropolitan in spite of protests—violent protests, from the public and the press.

Of course Mr. Gatti was not responsible for the passing of the era of great singers, but it also is evident that he made no very great efforts to retain just a little longer some of the last of the great ones who were members of the Metropolitan Opera Company when he took charge, and who by rights should have remained there a few years longer. To read the roster of artists of that 1908-09 season with its Sembrich, Eames, Fremstad, Farrar, and others,

and to read the names of this past season makes to think . . . it makes to think.

Of course deluges of alibis hurtle through the air from management and artists alike showing that the latter left the institution "of their own accord." Why, certainly they did, certainly they did. If a stink-bomb is let off in our vicinity, we hoist ourselves away in short order and most decidedly "of our own accord," but then . . .

Not that we mean to say that the erstwhile engineer who now controls the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House has been up to any such school-boy pranks, literally or figuratively, but it is quite evident that conditions have been such at times that artists beloved of the American public have felt it incompatible with their dignity to remain, and have therefore left "of their own accord."

Certainly so long as there's no other permanent operatic institution in New York, the powers that be at the Thirty-ninth Street Opera-Emporium can (and will) hand out to a helpless and opera-hungry public what they jolly well please and in the classic words of a certain rich man "the public be damned!"

Again, why in heaven's name all the hullabaloo and condescension as to the engaging of American singers? The American artists *should* predominate. Are the days of Eames, Nordica, Homer, and Farrar already so dim in our memories that we are expected to patty-cake with joy over a Talley, a Moore, or a Lewis?

Then the irritating—in fact, the downright inflammable—question of American operas. The management points with pride to the number of native operas in the past twenty years as if it had been a favor to have presented works of our own composers to us!

And why shouldn't American operas be tried out? Though, considering that they are usually skimmed through by an unsympathetic crew of foreigners when they are submitted for consideration, it's no great wonder that native opera composers are slow in arriving at their goal. What do these "judges" know or care about American composers, anyway? Added to all this, Mr. Gatti, after twenty years of residence in this country, does

not, or pretends he does not, speak our language—a peculiar weakness if he can not by this time, and an affront to us if he can and won't.

The season just ended has been neither better nor worse than many preceding ones. Three novelties were presented, two of which were one-act pieces. The third, "La Rondine," of Puccini, was a most delightful operetta beautifully presented and brilliantly sung by Bori, Fleischer, Gigli, and Tokatyan.

"Violanta," by Erik Korngold, served no purpose we could discover, while Alfano's "Madonna Imperia" was principally of value in giving Frederick Jagel, of Brooklyn, a splendid opportunity to show his mettle—an opportunity which he made the most of.

"Norma" with Rosa Ponselle in the title rôle was perhaps the most distinguished revival, "Hänsel and Gretel" the most enjoyable one. "Coq d'Or" was thrown on the stage any old way and poorly conducted to boot, while the same might be said of "Boris Godounoff." In regard to the much-discussed revival of "Carmen" charity bids us draw a veil.

Gertrude Kappel, the new Wagnerian soprano, glorious as Isolde, and the aforesaid Frederick Jagel proved to be the outstanding luminaries among the newcomers, although Leonora Corona in her performance of Tosca gave promise of better things to come.

Tullio Serafin made a veritable sensation by his conducting of "Siegfried," in which Rudolf Laubenthal also distinguished himself. Grace Moore of Music Box fame made her début as Mimi in "La Bohème" and later sang Lauretta in "Gianni Schicchi" very charmingly.

Louise Homer returned to us for two or three performances, and we were promised a performance by our one and only Schumann-Heink, which, however did not materialize. Too little was heard from that fine artist Elisabeth Rethberg and the beautiful Jeanne Gordon's light seems to have been kept under a bush most of the season. These things be mysteries.

Perhaps taken as seasons go it was well enough, but anniversaries have a way of starting reminiscences, and so we must be forgiven for wailing with our old friend François Villon: "*Où sont les neiges d'antan!*"

The Movies

"Abie's Irish Rose"

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

COMES now the task of writing a helpful, illuminating criticism of the thing which, in its six years behind the footlights, has almost (if not completely) proved the futility of criticism in all its forms; which has filled millions of seats and columns of newspaper space, brought tears and laughter to the multitude, and made a fortune for its author.

"Abie's Irish Rose"!

Over half the adult population of the United States has seen it, and of the other half maybe one per cent was kept away by what the critics had to say of his fabulous drama. And now, all we have to do is write a piece about it, in its celluloid dress, or jump in the East River. That we were one of a little group of willful men who uncompromisingly stayed away from it on the stage helps not—nor does it hinder—our position. Any one who has been able to escape hearing all about "Abie's Irish Rose" must have spent the past six years in an air-tight coma.

At all events, we sat through the film on its opening night, completely surrounded by Otto H. Kahn, and tried religiously to find the quality which has harmed and enticed eighteen million people. And, secure in the confidence that nobody will give a pouf what we say, we'll say that we couldn't find it.

A splendid cast performs in the screen version of "Abie" (as Miss Nichols always calls it) and Victor Fleming contributes a fine job of directing. Two members of the original New York cast (Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer) are immortalized in the film, and such gifted artists as Jean Hersholt, Buddy Rogers, Farrell MacDonald, and Nancy Carroll represent the Hollywood contingent.

The film is playing at present in a two-dollar theatre, and business is reported as not too good; but just remember what "Abie" suffered on the stage before M. Josef Leblang took hold, and watch the picture's progress when it shows at popular prices. This you can do, at least, without going to see it.

"Three Sinners"

JUST why this Pola Negri vehicle is called "Three Sinners" we're not able to state. We didn't see anybody doing any sinning—most of them seemed



to us to be eminently virtuous persons of almost incredible stupidity. If it's a sin to go for a little drive with a male friend of the family and consequently miss a subsequently wrecked train, then Pola was a sinner. If it's a sin not to recognize your own wife with a wig on, then Count Something-or-Other Wallentin (Pola's husband) sinned something terrible. That would make two sinners—and it just *may* be that our old friends the Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, who produced the picture, should be selected as the third sinner for having done so.

Pola Negri ought to be good as a Continental countess leading a double life, but, truth to tell, the part is so utterly and stickily goody-goody that Lillian Gish would have done it much better. The others in the cast do what they can with their assignments, which isn't much.

"Burning Daylight"

ADMIRERS of Milton Sills will find him giving his usual imaginative, sure-footed performance in the rather hackneyed picture to which fate and a First National contract have recently called him.

The contributor to the screen of some of its most memorable performances, Milton Sills, is here cast as the hero of a Jack London tale of gold in Alaska and soft living in San Francisco which appeared in its original form many years ago. Much gold has flowed through the film studios since then, and much of it has been screened; so much, that no Alaskan picture can escape the stigma of staleness unless it contributes something extraneously interesting.

This "Burning Daylight" does not do; its beginning is dance-hall and its ending

shows the leading character using the wrong oyster-fork and defeating the dastardly ends of those who try to do him—curse their black hearts and city ways!

Appearing with Mr. Sills are Doris Kenyon as the usual dance-hall girl of puzzling purity; Jane Winton as a San Francisco society vamp; and Edmund Breese as a malefactor of great wealth. Mr. Sills holds your interest consistently by his skill, and it's quite possible he will make you like the picture. Whether or not he's able to do so will depend, we think, on how much of this sort of thing you've seen of late.

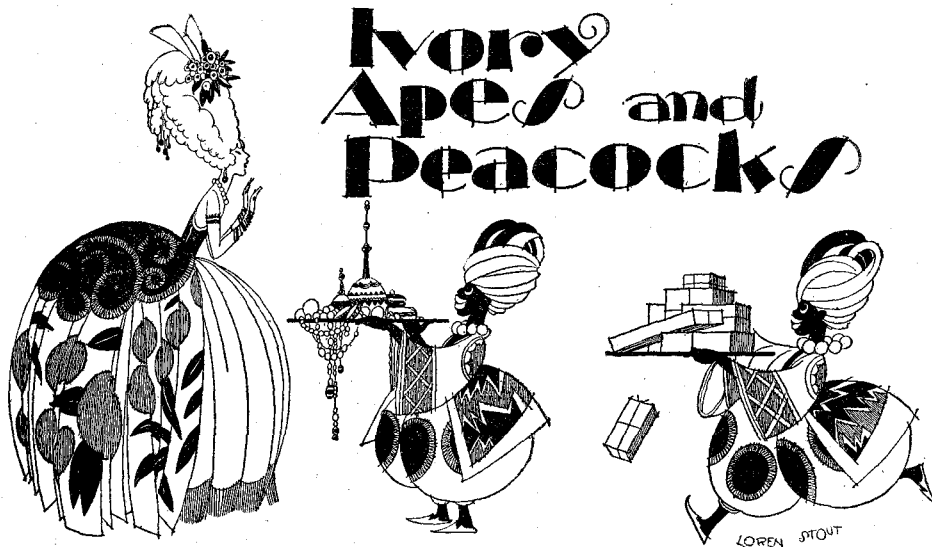
"The Patsy"

LET's pretend that King Vidor once saved our life, or something, and that Marion Davies was our sister's dearest chum at Miss Willard's school; and that, for these totally insufficient reasons, we thought it incumbent on us to give "The Patsy" a dandy write-up. What could we say without going to the Bad Place for a dirty liar?

For Mr. Vidor (the man who supposedly saved our alleged life) we could say not one choking, stuttering word, and this would be a nasty predicament; of Mr. Vidor's part in that flaccid festival of fun, "The Patsy," the less said, the better. Memories of "The Big Parade" and the directorial excellence of "The Crowd" surged about us throughout "The Patsy" and bade fair to strangle us.

Of the hypothetical pal of our sister's bright girlhood we can, and will, say that she contributes an imitation apiece of Pola Negri, Lillian Gish (both girls mentioned on this page), and Mae Murray; and that each of these is really high-class mimicry. If you cared to imagine that Miss Davies was just an unknown little girl, struggling for recognition with no one to help her along—wait; that's too complicated. If you'd never seen Miss Davies (let's say), you might conceivably go home raving about her ability to make a thoroughly unfunny situation seem funny. But, on the other hand, you might do no such thing, any more than we would.

Of Marie Dressler it can be said that she gets some honest laughs in her outrageous way, and of the man who wrote the subtitles—enough. We don't know who he is, and we regard that as just so much velvet.



By W. R. BROOKS

THERE are a lot of odds and ends we have had in mind for some time, and now that we have got that art talk off our chest we shall tell you about some of them. May we mention first the Lindy candle? This, as you may have divined, is a replica of Colonel Lindbergh in a tan aviator suit. We'd hate to use them ourself. It seems too much, somehow, like burning the good Colonel in effigy. But we thought you'd like to know about it.

We saw a nice refreshment set for summer use. Six glasses and a pitcher on a bright tile tray, the whole on a reed stand which has a sort of hoop over it for carrying.

Then there's a book to paste your photographs in which is a little different from the usual thing. The cover is antiqued parchment in ivory, gold, or with an old French print set in.

A very handsome modernistic coffee set—four pieces, either sterling or plated. There are no curves. We've forgotten our solid geometry. So we can't tell you whether the cream pitcher is a dodecahedron or a parallelopipedon, but it's very good looking.

Also modernistic, a powder box and a perfume bottle which look like rather jagged hunks of rock crystal.

And while we're being angular, there's a cube cushion, ten inches on the side, covered with sateen in various colors piped with contrasting bindings.

FOR children there are all sorts of suits to dress up in—cowboy suits, Indian suits, policemen and firemen, and you can even get a set of nicked armor. And there is a very good set of instruments and masks on the market, in case

they want to give a minstrel show. For children also, we saw some amusing woven straw figures—Mexican soldiers, mounted and dismounted, which have quite a lot of character.

Some of the old games are coming back—battledore and shuttlecock, for instance, and ping-pong, both of which can now be bought nearly anywhere. We've played them both ourself recently.

IF you crave an eight-day alarm clock which will harmonize with your Early American bedroom, the Seth Thomas Clock Company now makes two square mahogany clocks which won't look anachronistic. They are entirely Colonial in appearance, but inside them is a bell which will curtail your slumbers at the proper hour if you wind it once a week.

Here is the first combination lighter and ash-tray we have seen. It is a glass dish with an enameled rim, and in the holder at the side which usually contains matches is a neat little enameled lighter. They come in jade and black, and in Chinese red and black.

AT last—a card table that you don't have to do gymnastics with and kneel down and pray to before it will open. With this new table you unfold one leg, and all the other legs unfold and snap into position at the same time. And the same in closing it. You close one leg, and all of them close. It isn't wobbly, either, when it's set up. And it comes in various colors of lacquer, or in mahogany. Also, you can get folding chairs to match it, if you want to.

There is a one-legged table with a top

30 by 18 inches which is fine for writing, reading, sewing, playing solitaire and so on. One side is padded, the other hard. The leg is in the middle of on long edge and the table rests on the arm of your chair.

One of the paint manufacturers has started a service which, though it is at present confined to one store, seems to us rather valuable, particularly at this time of year. If you have anything that needs painting or repainting or freshening up, you can stop in and talk to the lady who runs the How-to-Paint-It Service, and she will tell you what paint to use and how much and why. We're going down to see her ourself in the hope that she can tell us how to get a paint brush that won't shed. We don't mind painting things if we don't have to keep stopping and getting paint under our finger nails clawing brush hairs off the freshly painted surface.

There is a new silver pencil on the market which is also a ruler. It is square, the edges are marked in both inches and centimeters, and it pulls out like a telescope. It comes in three lengths, extended—six, nine, and twelve inches. Nice for engineers, architects and such. And it has a clip, so it won't fall out of your pocket.

THERE is a cedar underbed chest which should be valuable to the apartment dweller who is cramped for closet space. It is good and large, and not too shallow, and has rollers under it so it can be pulled out and pushed back easily. Also, the hinges of the cover are only about two-thirds of the way back so that the cover can be lifted without pulling the chest all the way out.

Another space-saver is a closet unit which we saw, a chest of eight drawers—more drawers than chest—which you can put in the back of your closet in space which would be of little use otherwise.

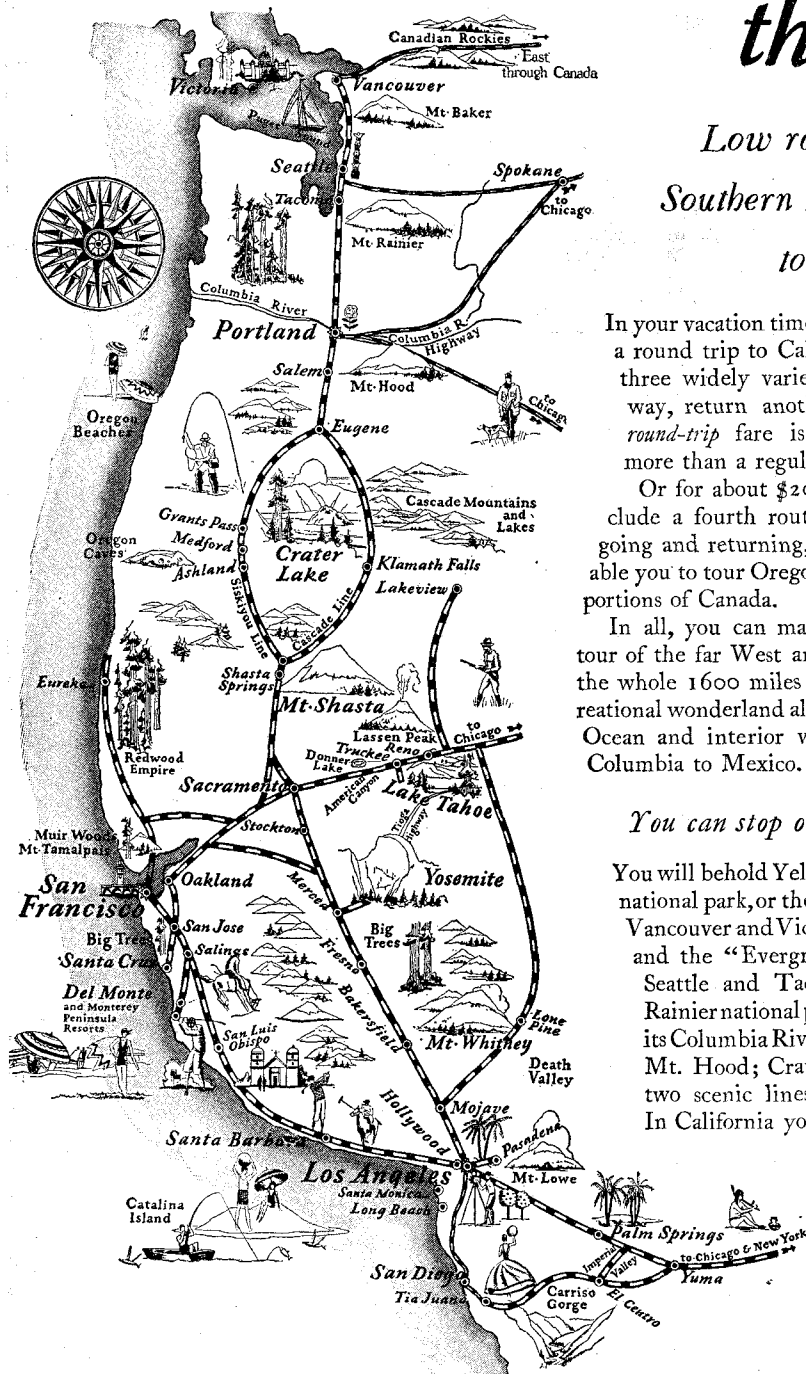
IF you always forget to water the flowers in your window-boxes until after some one in the family has called your attention to the fact that they are all withered up, you will be interested in the Savo flower-box, which has a water reservoir in the bottom that only has to be filled once a week. This box is 9 1/2 inches long, 8 inches high, and comes in different lengths from 23 to 41 inches.

A new trash and rubbish incinerator for the garden or back yard is a great improvement on the wire basket. The draught is so arranged that when you have touched a match to the rubbish and clamped on the lid, the fire is drawn downward, so that there are no sparks and ashes flying about.

See the whole Pacific Coast *this summer*

Low round-trip fares in effect May 15.

*Southern Pacific's four great routes invite you
to go one way, return another.*



In your vacation time this summer, take a round trip to California. Choice of three widely varied routes. Go one way, return another. The summer round-trip fare is only fractionally more than a regular one-way ticket.

Or for about \$20 more you can include a fourth route in your choice, going and returning, that will also enable you to tour Oregon, Washington and portions of Canada.

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You will behold Yellowstone or Glacier national park, or the Canadian Rockies; Vancouver and Victoria; Puget Sound and the "Evergreen Playground"; Seattle and Tacoma, gateways to Rainier national park; Portland, with its Columbia River Highway around Mt. Hood; Crater Lake. Choice of two scenic lines through Oregon. In California you'll see Mt. Shasta

and the occasionally active "fire mountain," Mt. Lassen. At San

Francisco and Oakland, Southern Pacific's network of scenic lines again offers varied choice. Journey to Los Angeles through the San Joaquin valley, stopping to see Yosemite and the Big Trees. Or follow the Pacific's shore, visiting Santa Cruz, Del Monte and Carmel-by-the-Sea; Monterey; Santa Barbara. After Los Angeles and Hollywood, journey to San Diego, 14 miles from Mexico's border. Thence home across Arizona, New Mexico, or Texas, via Kansas City or New Orleans.

Southern Pacific's Pacific Coast tour can also be made in reverse direction, seeing the Spanish-American Southwest and Southern California first.

Only Southern Pacific offers choice of four routes

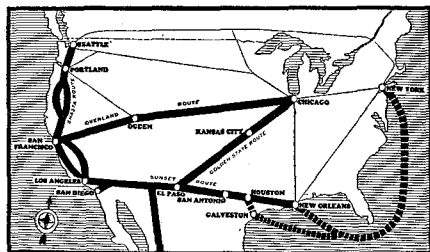
These routes, and premier train on each, are:
SHASTA ROUTE, between the Pacific Northwest and California for travelers to the Coast over northern United States or Canada railroads. The "Cascade".

OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), Chicago to San Francisco, with free side-trip from Ogden to Salt Lake City. "San Francisco Overland Limited".

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line, Chicago-Kansas City-Los Angeles, affording the Apache Trail highway side-trip in Arizona. "Golden State Limited".

SUNSET ROUTE, New York-New Orleans-Houston-Los Angeles-San Francisco. "Sunset Limited".

The low round-trip tickets will be on sale from May 15 to September 30, return limit October 31. Southern Pacific agents are in most large cities. Your local railroad agent will also arrange a Pacific Coast trip over these scenic lines.



ONLY SOUTHERN PACIFIC OFFERS 4 ROUTES

Please write name and address in the margin below, tear off and mail to E. W. Clapp, traffic manager, Department L-6, Room 1022, 310 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for handsome free illustrated booklet, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."



"THE WORLD IS GOOD . . . THE PEOPLE ARE GOOD"

JACK, I'm here. And I'm certainly glad to be living. Got up this morning with the sun, did five miles (five was the word) and came back to breakfast. Man, that breakfast! You never produced anything like that at camp, even in your best moments. They tell us we're to eat at the same table every day. That pleases Margaret; I rather like it myself, because it makes things seem more like home. . . . This whole place gives you a satisfied feeling. It's our first time down, but they treat us like old friends. If I know anything, we'll be old friends—from now on.

* * *

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What About Investment Trusts

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

INVESTMENT trusts are among the leading fads of the day. Four years ago there were probably not twenty in the whole country. Today there are more than one hundred and fifty, with resources amounting to almost a billion dollars, and the number increases steadily.

The multiplication of these trusts has been a little too rapid to be entirely healthy. Bankers are worried by the ease with which almost any such organization has been able to attract funds and legislators in many States are debating the question of putting them under stronger legal restrictions.

In view of their popularity and the careful study that has been given them, their consideration here might seem a little trite were it not for the fact that most current discussions have become so technical and so involved that the average investor finds the problems that interest him buried beneath a confusion of detail.

An investment trust may be defined simply and accurately as an organization which, as a unit, invests funds entrusted to it by individuals or combinations. Such trusts have been familiar in England for more than fifty years, and, on the whole, have been decidedly successful despite the fact that several failed early in the last decade of the nineteenth century. From 1912 to 1914, inclusive, forty-eight representative trusts in London and Edinburgh paid dividends at an annual rate of more than 7 per cent; in the war period, of 6½ per cent; and since the war, of more than 8 per cent. Between 1923 and 1926 their net income averaged about 12 per cent. This record alone more than justifies their existence.

On the basis of net income since their incorporation, American investment trusts probably have made an even better record than the British. But the American units have enjoyed a four-year boom in security prices, and it would have been almost impossible for them to lose money. Few have been seasoned in a bear market, and the coming years undoubtedly will see some casualties. The investment trust, though, is here to stay. The theory of placing funds in the hands of experts is so sound fundamentally that it will survive abuses.

The average investor should include shares of at least one investment trust

among his holdings. In choosing between the many possibilities there many questions he should ask, but most vital are these two:

Are the directors and managers thoroughly honest, capable, and willing give a proper amount of attention their duties?

Will I get a fair share of the profit?

The first question is paramount in choice of any investment. Management is the most important factor in the success or failure of any business organization, whether it be a bank, an industrial unit, or a public utility company. At trustworthy managers can overcome severest handicaps, while inefficient dishonest ones can ruin almost any company, however favorably it seems to be situated. That explains why nearly all of the miscellaneous group of companies which are supervised by such extraordinarily able leaders as J. P. Morgan & Co. and the First National Bank of New York have outstripped their competitors.

Quite frequently the management of an investment trust is in the hands of a banking house. In such cases there is always the temptation to use the trust as the repository for otherwise unmarketable securities. This would constitute a moral though not a technical breach of trust, and any management guilty of such a practice should be shunned.

The question of the division of profits is more important here than in the choice of other investments. In considering the purchase of General Motors or General Electric, for instance, the size of the salaries of the leading officers can be ignored. In comparison with the net income of such companies, they are infinitesimal. The structure of some investment trusts, however, give promoters and managers a disproportionately large share of profits.

An allied question is the spread between the market price of the shares and the liquidating value of the securities they represent. Sometimes even the best management is over-valued. The Bancitaly Corporation is a magnificent investment trust, but the securities it holds represent only about half of the price of \$200 at which the shares are selling. It is certainly doubtful whether it is worth paying the Giannini interest on the managers, \$100 for the handling of \$100.

The buyer of the ordinary run of stocks, unless he has channels of information denied to the general public, will invest only in companies which give their stockholders the fullest possible information. He cannot always expect such frankness even from the finest investment trusts. The tradition may, and perhaps should, change, but at present, many managers are reluctant to divulge their purchases and sales.

Among the investment trusts which do offer honest, sound management are perhaps twenty or thirty types. Most of the differences between them, though, are minor, and each one is either a Fixed, Limited Management, or a Discretionary Management Trust, to use the most familiar designations.

The Fixed Trust purchases certain securities, and only those securities, in finite proportions, the amount varying with the supply of funds at its disposal. It never sells one security to buy another. Obviously, all management problems are ended when the investment list is drawn up.

Because of its rigidity, such a trust is free from foolhardy shifting of its holdings. Since it has been decided once and for all, say, that funds will be distributed evenly between the common stock of New York Central, General Motors, Commonwealth Power, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and Kennecott Copper, there is no risk that managers will buy highly speculative silver mines. But there remains the very great danger of an upheaval in the industrial world which the founders of the trust could not foresee will depreciate the value of even the best copper or oil companies.

Limited Management Trusts give managers discretion within limits. They are authorized to buy only public utility stocks, for instance, or only bonds, or only per cent stocks and fifty per cent bonds, or only American issues. This limitation of authority is sometimes highly desirable, because managers do not always realize that their judgment is excellent in some fields and very poor in others.

Discretionary Management Trusts leave their managers plenipotentiary powers to put funds wherever in the world they think best.

For the investor who has the facilities to investigate the managements of the investment trusts are usually preferable, since they give full scope to all the authority the organization commands.

Wise owners of any type of property leave the managers, trustees, or stewards much freedom in their work as their authority warrants. This rule applies to financial commitments, and particularly to investment trusts.



... since Boone killed his bear

UPON a tree in Tennessee, for over a century after Daniel Boone's time, this crude inscription could be read, "D. Boone KILLED A. BEAR On Tree in the YEAR 1760". But Tennessee's pioneer days have long since passed. Today, this State is practically the center of 70% of our national population—a great industrial State, growing steadily.

Manufacturing, mineral and timber products, in Tennessee, now exceed \$600,000,000 annually, while agriculture returns \$400,000,000 annually. Vast electric power resources . . . ample coal, iron, copper and other deposits . . . superb water and rail facilities . . . important cities . . . and strategic location have brought into Tennessee new industries by the score. She is producing, now, nationally

known products from bathtubs to brake shoes, aluminum to artificial silk, iron pipe to hosiery and cotton goods, and numerous other commodities used the world over.

Tennessee is not merely a leading Southern State, it is one of the important States of the Union. With natural resources unsurpassed, she has gone further, perhaps, in comparative development, than any other State in recent times.

By attracting new wealth southward, Tennessee is helping to create attractive Southern investment securities. Caldwell & Company, for years, has helped to supply capital going into sound southern enterprise. From first-hand knowledge of the South, we will be glad to recommend desirable and sound Southern securities.

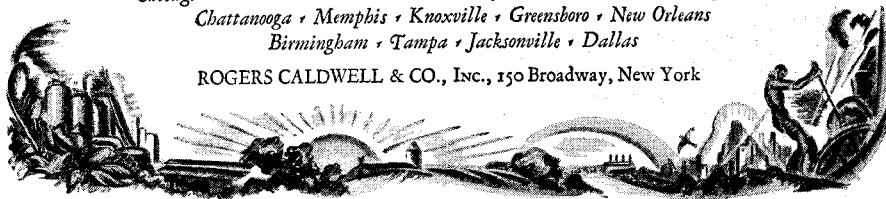
"We bank on the South"

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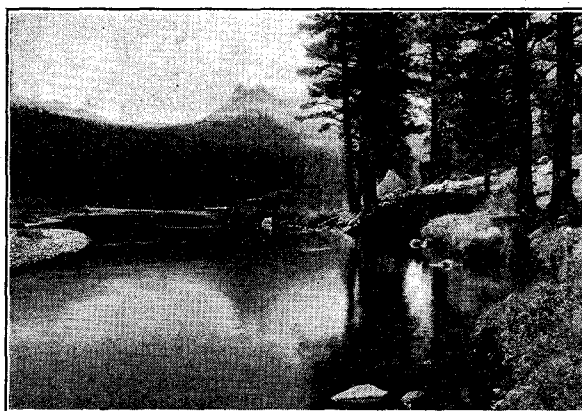
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THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Noah's Folly

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS¹

Illustrated by Luxor Price

PEGGY WOOD, star of "May-time," "The Clinging Vine," and other musical plays, and now playing Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," is a many-sided and interesting young woman. Hers was a many-sided and interesting childhood among artists, writers, and musicians, with a brilliant father of the Mark Twain school and a rare mother, who furnished a quiet but even more pervasive æsthetic background.

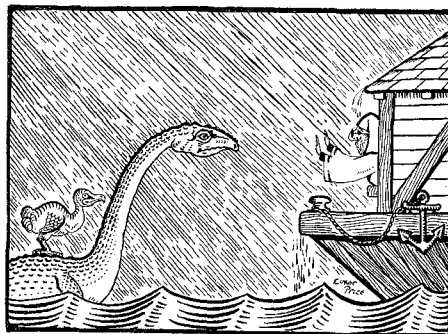
Since he could bequeath his only child no fortune, Mr. Wood determined to leave her an ability to take care of herself. She was only a tiny girl when he began training her musical ear; at four, after hearing her first opera, "Lohengrin," she went home to sing the wedding march from memory. Thereafter there were as many operas and concerts as the Woods could afford; later came voice training; and Peggy, draped in cheesecloth, took to composing her own rôles, with all the time-honored gestures and heart-claspings of the true prima donna.

Perhaps happiest among her childhood memories are Father's Bible stories, colorful and humorous but not irreverent modernizations, invented to amuse a golden-haired child long before John Erskine set the fashion for a more sophisticated audience. One tale, still so vivid that Miss Wood could spin it off in her dressing-room just before a matinee, is this delightful satire.

Noah's Folly

As remembered by Peggy Wood

THERE was once a gentleman named Noah who was considered queer by all his neighbors. He was very fond of experiments and of animals, forever prophesying the weather a year from now instead of waiting to see, like a sen-



A dodo and a dinosaur came too late

sible man, and wasting hours observing the habits, not of useful cows and sheep, but of such pesky things as mice and mosquitoes.

Everybody felt very sorry for Mrs. Noah, but, strangely enough, the woman adored her husband, and was always shaking her head and boasting: "The world will hear of my Noah some day." And she went on, cheerfully scrubbing and cooking and raising her three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japheth.

By the time the boys had grown up and married and brought their wives home to live Mr. Noah was a middle-aged gentleman, all of six hundred years old, but as queer as ever. One morning he came down to breakfast looking worried.

"There's going to be a big flood," he remarked.

"Is there, dear?" said his wife, buttering a piece of toast. "When?"

"On the seventeenth day of the second month," said Noah. "Better start packing. And tell the girls. The boys and I must get busy on an Ark."

So, leaving her spring cleaning—since the flood was to wash everything away, anyhow—Mrs. Noah began packing her trunks, rather pleased with the prospect of an ocean trip, and Mr. Noah went out in the back yard to begin his ship.

"But, my dear girl!" he exclaimed, when he came in to lunch and saw all the luggage. "We must leave some room for the animals."

"Animals!" exclaimed his wife. "You don't mean you're going to take the mosquitoes?"

"I am," said Mr. Noah. "Two mosquitoes and two of every beast of field and every bird of the air and every creeping thing. This will be no ordinary wash-out, my dear. It's going to be a real flood. And we must save a male and female specimen of each form of animal life—it is only our duty to posterity."

Mrs. Noah sighed. She cared little for posterity, but she loved Mr. Noah so, squeezing all her clothes into a steamer trunk, she stocked the rest with provisions from the corner grocery store while Mr. Noah went back to work.

Of course the neighbors soon got wind of "Noah's Folly," as they nicknamed the queer boat, and all gathered about to mock and jeer. To Noah's warning they only laughed louder, poking at another in the ribs and chuckling: "Seventeenth day of the second month. Ha ha!"

But the father and his sons went calmly on, hammering and sawing and nailing until at last the Ark was finished.

"Only seven days more before the flood," announced Mr. Noah to the women-folks one day. "Better go aboard and get settled."

So they all moved into the Ark, and waited for the animals to straggle in. Two by two they came; two lions and two mice, two eagles and two sparrows, two flies and two fleas, two of every animal and bird and insect, and when they saw their accommodations—a tank cal for the hippo, a cage cabin for birds, a grass cabin for grasshoppers—they exclaimed in delight over the excellent service on the Noah's Folly Line.

Of course, the whole neighborhood swarmed aboard to bid the crazy family good-by, feeding peanuts to the mice



The fleas comfortably settled on the lion's back

¹The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.



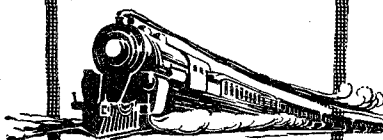
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Our Own Theatre List

(See page 63)

- "Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.
- "The Ivory Door," Charles Hopkins.—Fantasy; mediaeval fairy tale, telling the truth about human nature; Henry Hull and good company; one of the best things in town.
- "Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.
- "The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucille Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.
- "The Queen's Husband," Playhouse.—Modern light comedy; royalty in a mythical kingdom; Roland Young; Sherwood's most subtle humor.
- "Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; Tom Powers and Lynne Fontanne in O'Neill's finest.
- "Our Bidders," Henry Miller's Theatre.—Ina Claire in a drawing-room comedy by Somerset Maugham; entertaining, deft, and excellently acted.
- "The Silent House," Morosco.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

Best Musical Shows

- "Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.
- "Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, emotion, exquisite settings, and music.
- "Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.
- "A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.
- "Rain or Shine," George M. Cohan.—Joe Cook in the show you mustn't miss.

keys, teasing the lions to make them roar, and slapping at the two mosquitoes that were buzzing everywhere at once. Seven days Mr. Noah stood the racket; but on the seventh day he stalked about the decks, ringing a big gong and shouting: "All ashore that's goin' ashore! All ashore that's goin' ashore!"

So the visitors flocked off, calling: "Good-by! Send us a post-card when you land!" and then stood about laughing at the foolish boat perched high and dry on land. But Mr. Noah pulled in the gangplank with a bang, slammed the door, and retired to the captain's cabin with a sigh of relief.

The very next day it began to rain. And it rained and it rained and it RAINED. The Noahs just closed the port-holes and sat cozily inside their dry house-boat. And still it rained. Soon the neighbors' cellars were flooded; then they had to move to the second floor. And still it rained and rained and rained. Looking down at "Noah's Folly," perched so comfortably in a mud-puddle, nobody poked anybody in the ribs, chuckling, "Seventeenth day of the second month." Instead everybody took a secret, worried look at the calendar.

One morning the Noah family woke up with a curious light feeling. "She's afloat!" cried Mr. Noah, and, sure enough, the Ark had begun to move on the rising waters. From the port-holes they saw all the neighbors trying to crowd into one big house on the hill, then through the wet a string of tardy animals came racing. The Noahs just had time to make out a dodo and a dinosaur when the Ark went floating off—and that was the last they ever saw of their home town.

Well, they found their hands full, for when the novelty wore off the animals that bit bit, and those that chewed chewed, and those that stung stung, until poor Mr. Noah, who had thought his troubles were over, had to rearrange everybody's accommodations. But finally, when he had lodged the fleas comfortably on a lion's back and the oysters in the hippo's tub and the skunks in the isolation ward, things went on fairly peacefully.

But still it rained and it rained and it rained, till Mrs. Noah declared that if she didn't see the sun she would scream, and Mr. Noah wondered if they might not better have stayed at home to be drowned, when suddenly bump went the Ark and stuck fast.

Everybody rushed up on deck. The rain had stopped, and there they were on Mount Ararat, the highest peak in the world.

So Noah sent out a dove, but she had no luck; next she came back with an



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olive branch; then she didn't come back at all, so the Noahs knew she had found dry land and trees, and it was safe to go ashore.

The minute the gangplank was lowered down rushed all the animals pell-mell and scattered to the four winds. Then Mr. and Mrs. Noah and Mr. and Mrs. Ham, Shem, and Japheth all stepped out and looked around.

"Well," they said, "it's awfully muddy. But it looks like a pretty good place to live. Let's stay here."

So they did, and lived happily ever after.

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Magic of the Past

THE genuine historical novel, the one which is a delight to those who are stirred by dreams of men and times that are no more, falls midway between romanticized history and costume romance. The aim of the writer of historical fiction must always be to depend for his factual background upon what can be proved by the evidence of history, and for his imaginary incident upon what cannot be disproved by it. He must himself forget what has happened since the days of which he writes. He must, indeed, be a confirmed day-dreamer, living in the world of his book. His chronology may be uncertain, his characters overdrawn, but the measure of his success will lie in his ability to carry his readers into the place of his own dreams.

Four recent books illustrate the varieties of costume romance, historical romance, and romanticized history. In costume romance, of which Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire" is the example of perfection, only a dim background of history is required.

"En Garde!"¹ by Samuel Morse is typical. A vague knowledge of the period he selects (the Frondist wars in France), one or two great names (Mazarin appears), and an illustrated history of costume and every-day accessory are all that was necessary. The tale is a light love story, with some sword play and rather more humor than usual.

In historical romance, the sturdy Dumas tradition, in which the picaresque adventures of a hero are set against a historical background accurate and detailed enough for the purpose, is ably followed by Feval and Lassez in "The Years Between."² Here the period between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" is chosen, and Cyrano is introduced, credibly enough, to join D'Artagnan in swashbuckling adventure. But neither Dumas (except in the Valois novels) nor these, his schooled disciples, can make the past anything other than a picturesque pageant. Robert W. Chambers, whose

"Cardigan" and "The King in Yellow" were excellent examples of the highest tradition in historical romance, in which sympathetic understanding of historic background and real study of historic character are the body of the work

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandervoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. You will enjoy this social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Some old names appear, and there is at least one very engaging character. Reviewed March 7.

"The Greene Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Charles Scribner's Sons. The famous society detective, Vance, is at work again, this time on a complicated and slightly incredible case, which nevertheless is not keeping Van Dine enthusiasts from devouring it.

"Debonair," by G. B. Stern. A. A. Knopf. This is a current version of the eternal mother-and-daughter problem. It is bright, amusing, and often wise. The characterizations are brilliant. Reviewed April 26.

"Ashenden, or the British Secret Agent," by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. These exciting stories of war, spies, and murder are good light reading. Reviewed last week.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The interesting and often exciting diary of four years spent in a wild-animal paradise; with wonderful pictures.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. These stories and sayings of a romantic old adventurer are good reading. Reviewed November 16.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This account of some aspects of Indian society is furnishing Americans with lively, if not accurate, information. Reviewed June 22.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see; perhaps better. Reviewed in "Lights Down," February 22.

and fictitious incident its gracious clothing, again follows this tradition in "The Sun Hawk,"³ a story of Frontenac. But he is not the writer he was, and his story is tedious.

No one who understands the haunting

³The Sun Hawk. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co.

passion for history could read the foreword to "The Plains of Abraham,"⁴ by the late James Oliver Curwood, and remain unmoved. This reviewer remembers a motor trip through a countryside dotted with stones from which stirring words flashed on the eager eyes and vanished, and the bitterness of her unsatisfied longing to stop and look at every stone and see what happened once in those woods and fields. Curwood's foreword, with its lingering upon "these people lived," "I know this place well," and his foot-notes, with their precious verifying dates, are eloquent. As a novel "The Plains of Abraham" is terrible. It is a perfect example of the dullness of romanticized history. The story, being true, is incredible; the characters, painted from life, absurd puppets; the style, bastard Cooper, grandiloquent and verbose. But as a monument to Curwood's devotion to the past of his land, to his love of nature, to his admiration for the usually ignored virtues of the Indian, his book is dignified and touching.

Plenty to enjoy in these books, but nothing to satisfy the ardent lover of historical fiction. What he asks is not within the gift of many hands. He asks that fallen cities may rise before his eyes, and men long dead may walk the earth once more.

Liggett's A. E. F.

By P. W. WILSON

"A. E. F.: Ten Years Ago in France," by Major General Hunter Liggett, U. S. A., Ret. Dodd Mead & Co.

The first of the many questions that arise out of this candid and vivacious book is whether it is the physique, after all, that makes the commander. Europe used to be raided for giants to be enrolled as Potsdam guards, yet Frederick though called "the Great," was as diminutive as the military midgets of Japan who captured Port Arthur, and, unlike the Japanese, he was afflicted under fire with cold feet. Undersized, too, was Napoleon; Haig was color-blind; Nelson, incurably seasick, did his duty with one eye only and only one arm.

What worried Major-General Hunter

⁴The Plains of Abraham. By James Oliver Curwood. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

¹En Garde! By Samuel Morse. Payson & Clarke, Ltd.

²The Years Between. By Feval and Lassez, translated by Cleveland B. Chase. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

Liggett was not a deficiency of avoirdupois, but an excess. "We are too old to make war," said he to Pershing. "If I were fifteen years younger, I should not be sitting here before a map. I should be out on a horse all over the front."

Though Pershing smiled, Hunter Liggett insists that he meant it. At the age of forty-two years, so he argues, Grant enjoyed the advantage of Anno Domini over Lee, who was fifteen years his senior.

We cannot agree. An automobile cannot gallop; one sits at the wheel, and it was not until he was over seventy that, in 1870, Moltke won the Franco-Prussian War. That Hunter Liggett was supposed to have too much flesh for the A. E. F. in France was a fact, but only at the outset. It was soon apparent that his muscles were not more massive than his mind.

With the Armistice signed, Pershing found Hunter Liggett still studying the map. Pershing "grinned" and said, "Don't you now that the war is over?" To which question the reply deserves to be historic. "I am trying to see," said Hunter Liggett, "where we might have done better." The mind was still paramount.

In these pages it is the map of memory that is spread before us. By the critical details, set forth with the authority of an officer who himself commanded the First Army Corps, veterans and Legionnaires cannot fail to be fascinated. To the layman, what impresses the magnitude and complexity of the drama. Operations are here described which to Wellington and Washington could have been battles. Yet in France they were no more than the usual routine. Asquith's remark that no great

general emerged might be put in a paraphrase: A general disappeared unless he was great.

In his narrative Hunter Liggett displays an impartiality only to be described as international. Of the causes of the war, says he, "we Americans knew nothing;" nor was it "our war." A nation, surprised and unprepared, was plunged into a chaos where friend and foe were alike desperately snatching at immediate decisions.

Amid the welter, Hunter Liggett sees two men who kept their heads. The first was Newton D. Baker at the War Department, who resolutely excluded politics from the campaign. The second

was Pershing, who, with equal resolution, insisted that the United States Army should retain its identity and training, not for static fighting in the trenches, but for the final advance. If either the statesman or the general had wavered, it is easy to see from these pages that the gravest confusions might have resulted.

But no rectitude thus adamant could have been popular. For the soldiers, it meant submission to an iron discipline; nor did disillusion end there. "Sunny France"? There was "an abominable winter climate unrelieved by American comforts, and a population far removed from the page of 'La Vie Parisienne' than the people of Berks County, Pennsylvania."

Over the grim hardships there was no attempt to shed a glamour. "With our weakness as a people," writes the Major-General, "for honorary titles, grandiose rituals, and brave uniforms of peace, it is a curious circumstance that no army in the world is more soberly attired

than ours, and none so sparing of decorations." Indeed, he recalls with yearning, the famous case during the Civil War when certain teams of mules which stampeded the enemy were recommended for the brevet rank of horses!

Though a soldier, Hunter Liggett envisages the United States Army, therefore, as a civilian problem. "Money and machinery," says he, "are the two panaceas of our National medicine chest. Neither can defend liberty, except incidentally, for only men worthy of liberty are equal to its defense." The rich country, so he argues, becomes "the prey of the active and the bold."

We admit that General Liggett has



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Drawing by Andrée Ruellan



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—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

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precedents—India and the Roman Empire, among them—to which he can point his finger. We agree with him, too, that a nation, however prosperous, is decadent unless it retains its virility. The only question is whether there are not fields of activity, other than war, in which heroism not less than the soldier's may be developed in the service of mankind.

It's All an Adventure

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Adventure," by Burnett H. Streeter. The Macmillan Company.

Anything written by Canon Streeter is worth while. His adequate scholarship, his keen intellect, and his attractive style make his books significant. Last year his "Reality," in which he fearlessly faced the religious problems raised by modern science, helped thousands to reconstruct their religious thinking. Now following close upon it we have a new book, "Adventure." This too is an attempt to interpret religion in the thought and terms of the men of today. While the book is probably due to the initiative of Canon Streeter, a number of other—able scientists, philosophers, and theologians—have had a share in it and several of the chapters bear their names. As Canon Streeter says, "It is the outcome of a continued effort at corporate thinking on the Nature of Science and Religion, and on their relation to one another."

The unifying principle of this series of papers is suggested by the title. No matter from what standpoint man's fundamental problems are approached, whether it be from the side of science or the side of religion, all is an "adventure" of the spirit of man. In science today the old cocksureness has disappeared. The physical world no longer appears set. The intellectual Pharisaism of the science of the last century has gone. Anything may happen. The scientists of our time feel the spirit of adventure strong within them. In religion, too, there is the same need of going boldly ahead, of experimenting. This, in fact, was the real spirit of Jesus. When he talked of faith, he meant something closely akin to courage—the willingness to take risks, to adventure. And in the world of morals the same is true. The old codes are breaking down. Something new and better must be found. There must be experiment. But here common sense requires that we make only such experiments as promise constructive results. In science, in religion, in the moral realm, "adventure" is the key to reality.

But there is much more in this book than the elaboration of this general

proposition. There is an excellent summary of the aims, methods, and limitations of science. There is a suggestive treatment of the relation of Christianity to science. There is an able defense of the old sex code—that outside of marriage there should be no sex relations—the best answer to those who would change that code that I have yet seen. There is a most illuminating treatment with all the background of physical science and New Testament criticism, of the doctrine of the incarnation, which is termed vividly "the ascription of adventure to God." All this and much more is to be found in this unusual book.

Perhaps a few gems picked up almost at random will best give the flavor: "Inside the atom is a new world where things take place which would be deemed impossible or miraculous outside the atom." "The want of an experimental religion . . . has meant for the modern world the disintegration of personality." "Power is a conception empty of content apart from the purpose which directs its use." "Christ . . . takes God seriously, but not solemnly." "Secret defiance of a bad law or custom can never be a moral adventure, since it contributes nothing towards its abolition or amendment." Such are a few of the striking sentences.

This intelligent grappling with the age-old problems in the terms of this day and generation, this combination of vigorous thinking and persuasive writing marks this book as easily the best religious book of the past six months. It is an adventure to read it, a profitable one a thrilling one.

The Life of a Crusader

"Ernest Harold Baynes, Naturalist and Crusader." By Raymond Gorges. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

This biography of Ernest Harold Baynes will not be classed among the great works of the year. Yet it presents an adequate record of an outstanding personality who left a real impress upon American life.

Mr. Baynes was a close and scholarly student of the book of nature, but he was more than this. He was a crusader on behalf of many worth-while causes. He gave to thousands a new understanding of nature and of the need for putting honest reality ahead of sentimentality. It was this sincerity of purpose which led him, an outstanding lover of animals, to head the fight against the misleading and inaccurate propaganda of the anti vivisectionists.

All lovers of animal life should read this book to learn fully what they owe to the courageous spirit of Ernest Harold Baynes.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Earnest Elmo Calkins's
**Business the
Civilizer**
Little, Brown

Those who rail against business as against the Golden Calf of modern times seem frequently to forget how much they owe to it, and to its handmaiden, advertising. If a calf can have a handmaiden. We should perhaps have said milkmaid. Anyway, in this civilization advertising is essential, says Mr. Calkins, and we believe him—first, because he is a cultured gentleman who is also an advertising man; and, second, because he is an advertising man who is also a cultured gentleman. "When I began my work thirty years ago," he said, "the most conspicuous symbol of advertising was the picture of old Doc Munyon with upraised finger, declaring, 'There is hope.' There is still hope and, thanks to Mr. Calkins, a lot of it, for he has done as much as any one to dignify advertising to the rank of a profession with a definite code of ethics. As a view of that profession, written pleasantly and entertainingly, this book will interest you. But may we say that we do not look forward with pleasure to the day when all artists and all writers will put their best work into advertising copy, when a first edition of Shaw's great four-inch double-column ad for Listerine will be eagerly sought by the British Museum, and when dealers and collectors will bid furiously against one another at the Anderson Galleries for some contemporary da Vinci's Mona Lisa whose mile owes its charm to Pebecco?

Charles William Taussig's
**Rum, Romance
and Rebellion**
Minton, Balch

A history of rum and the tremendous part it played in this our country from 492 to the Civil War. And how history today repeats the old pattern! 'Way back when Washington was a boy our coast-line was too long to prevent the rum-runners from landing cargoes. Although in those days rum was rum, and not just any liquid containing alcohol. One of the things we fought the Revolution for was the right to import rum duty free. Why even Paul Revere's ride was laced with rum. That, say the records, was why Paul was so noisy and woke so many people up that night. Well, well!

And rum was back of the slave trade, much of which is told in this book. It tickens one to read even a modified account of the horrors of those slave ships, into which the blacks were packed like cardines, their bodies touching, with scarcely head room enough to sit up. And there they remained for months.

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We have never seen one that was arresting.

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If you're of a certain age, these popular ballads of yesteryear will bring the tear of gentle melancholy to the eye of remembrance. Here they are, words and music—"On the Banks of the Wabash," "The Blue and the Gray," "Just Tell Her that You Saw Me," and some fifty others, with an introduction by Theodore Dreiser, the author's brother, and illustrated with lantern slides of the period. Dresser's songs were popularized without the aid of the radio or the ukulele, yet we believe that no one over forty who reads these words but will be able without a moment's hesitation to complete practically all of the chorus beginning "One lies down near Appomattox."

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LITTLE "ADS" THAT REACH FAR

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"ITS WANTS" WILL FILL YOURS

The Movies

(See page 65)

- "The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands."—A British film; well worth your while.
- "Beau Sabreur."—Pepless desert drama.
- "The Chasers."—Harry Langdon won't get far with this one.
- "The Big City."—Lon Chaney in a flat picture. Maybe some one stepped on it.
- "Chicago."—See what the movies can do when they try.
- "The Circus."—Charlie Chaplin's newest, and one of his best.
- "The Count of Ten."—James Gleason and Charles Ray in a good ring drama.
- "The Crowd."—King Vidor is a great director. The story is slim and depressing.
- "Czar Ivan the Terrible."—Hectic, but interesting Russian-made film.
- "The Divine Woman."—Greta Garbo has a tough time with this one.
- "Doomsday."—As dismal as it sounds.
- "Dressed to Kill."—Excellent crook melodrama.
- "Drums of Love."—A big eyeful from D. W. Griffith.
- "Finders Keepers."—Laura La Plante, and some hard-pressed humor.
- "Four Sons."—Beauty, skill, tears, and hokum.
- "The Gaucho."—Douglas Fairbanks.
- "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."—Plenty of chuckles for the business man.
- "A Girl in Every Port."—A pretty feeble vehicle for the large Victor McLaglen.
- "The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson + Vitaphone = Price of Admission.
- "The Last Command."—Emil Jannings in a picture worthy of him.
- "The Last Moment."—Interesting photographic tricks, if you like them.
- "The Latest from Paris."—Something pleasantly innocuous, with Norma Shearer.
- "The Legion of the Condemned."—After "Wings." A long way after.
- "Love Me and the World is Mine."—For insomniacs and very young cash-girls.
- "Mother Machree."—For the Irish vote. Very nice.
- "The Noose."—A pretty fair Richard Barthelmess picture.
- "Red Hair."—Clara Bow and Elinor Glyn. Decide as you see fit.
- "Rose Marie."—Run! Here's the Mounted Police again.
- "Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore trying not to play "Rain."
- "The Secret Hour."—"They Knew What They Wanted" dolled up for the screen with Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. Good.
- "The Showdown."—Tropical mix-up, and how.
- "Simba."—See it—you'll thank us.
- "Skyscraper."—An interesting and entertaining picture.
- "The Smart Set."—You'll die outside, seeking air.
- "Soft Living."—A nice enough little drama, with Madge Bellamy.
- "Speedy."—Harold Lloyd in your money's worth.
- "Stand and Deliver."—Rod La Rocque stands, but doesn't deliver.
- "Street Angel."—Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and some fine scenes. We were hopelessly bored.
- "The Student Prince."—A Lubitsch production. Don't miss it.
- "Sunrise."—The best picture on any screen today.
- "Tenderloin."—The talking picture. They'll have to do better.
- "That's My Daddy."—Reginald Denny in a pleasant farce.
- "The Trail of '98."—Big Alaskan melodrama, with some grand scenes.
- "Two Lovers."—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a romantic picture of the sixteenth century.
- "We Americans."—Melting-pot drama with good spots.
- "Wings."—Still soaring toward a record.

"Tawm's Holt"

(Continued from page 51)

ganda squad, such a tradition made headway. Today a formidable proportion of the Alabama voters believe that essentially this transaction happened. In the spring of 1920, with faith hotter and cotton prosperity madder than it has been since, such an engaging bit of folklore, however spread, explains how Congressman Heflin won twenty-nine per cent of the first and second choice votes in the complicated Democratic Senatorship primary, against strong and well-organized opposition, and became Senator Heflin for an unexpired term of four years.

To a less shrewd statesman the immediately subsequent fall in the price of cotton during the same season might have brought ruin. But as a serious economist "Tawm" was above such petty hazards of fortune. If cotton dropped to 15 cents, and worse, that showed that some villain must be at work. "Tawm" astutely, and to the entire satisfaction of Alabama's more ardent hero worshipers, discovered the villain in W. P. G. Harding, the Birmingham banker, whom President Wilson had made Governor of the Federal Reserve System. Cotton had broken, because Governor Harding, a citified industrial capitalist, and hence the natural enemy of honest farmers, had jockeyed the Federal rediscount rates on purpose to make it break.

SENATOR HEFLIN preached this doctrine in Congress and on his State tours with a wealth of attractive personal denunciation, until he ranked almost as high as the down-and-out cotton farmer's champion as he had before in his capacity of the creator of cotton prosperity. And eventually, in the routine of the incoming Republican Administration's personnel changes, Governor Harding was removed from his high place to make way for a partisan of the nobler political faith. But in Alabama it was represented that "Tawm," as a militant cotton economist, had won another great victory over Baal and Beelzebub. The Senatorial campaign of 1924 came on, and no other aspiring Democrat thought enough of his chances even to offer "Tawm" opposition. Meanwhile, in 1924 and 1925 cotton prices soared again moderately, and the heroism and sagacity of Senator Heflin were again demonstrated.

Who said the revival had not come about because "Tawm" Heflin had got W. P. G. Harding fired? As a matter of fact, plenty of intelligent Alabamans said it, but they did not say it from the

stump in opposition to "Tawm's" unanimously indorsed—or rather accepted—candidacy.

But, of course, a statesman of these rare economic talents has other grace adapted to charming devoted audiences. He is famous, for instance, for the bes platform stock of corn-field wit enjoyed on the Southern stump since the death of Private John Allen, of Mississippi. His worst enemies grant him this qualification and admit him highly enjoyable. His friends, for the most part, are devoid of all set amusements in their lives except the comic supplements in the State's larger Sunday newspapers, and so find that one of "Tawm's" meetings every few years fills the gap in their lives left by the almost total absence of metropolitan "colymnists," vaudeville, and sophisticated wisecracking.

They still cherish his more elaborate buffooneries, such as his now sixteen-year-old description of Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson shooting for Senate seat with a popgun. "Pop" was the right word in that campaign, since Hobson was a prohibitionist before "Tawm" had become one.

Added to this playfulness are gifts of denunciation which make it possible for the senior Senator to charge openly in any meeting he chooses that any individual or newspaper criticising him in any manner for any cause was hired to do it by the Pope—or, in his earlier militant phases, by W. P. G. Harding's millions. Added, too, should be gifts for making his opponents appear ridiculous. In his Senatorship fight in 1920, noticing one of his opponents in the audience, he told the delectable story of his shooting at "an uppity nigger" in a Washington street car some half a dozen years previously. Then he stentoriously followed it up with an invitation, aimed directly at the rival, to all who would have done likewise to stand up. The rival stood up amid a volley of cheers which were not entirely a tribute to his whole-souled sportsmanship.

FROM these qualities the anti-Catholic campaign follows, if not as a matter of course, at least logically. Alabama willing, even in the anti-Heflin ranks, believe that, with his gift for demon visions, "Tawm" believes a good deal of it. This is not necessarily inconsistent with the fact that it fills up time and gets attention in a period when cotton is neither very good nor very bad and there is little for a professional cotton economist to do in the way of spe binding. It had its merits, too, at a time when the Ku Klux Klan, on one of its more belated appearances, was winning control of the State Government, and

ough just now, since "Tawm" has asserted them in their fight on the power interests, the Klan leaders at the State house at Montgomery speak of Senator Heflin with almost as much coldness as they speak of Mayor Jimmie Walker.

Yet, as a matter of fact, even the rank and file of Heflin supporters among Klansmen do not seem to be particularly stirred by the flow of philippics against the Court of Pius XI. I talked with a group of them in Montgomery recently, laughing and sympathetically, but all they could give him was a grudging admission that "Tawm was speakin' out in setting as usual and saying a lot of things that other fellows know but are afraid to say."

"Well, what about his set-to with Senator Robinson?" I asked, and waited for expressions of admiration.

"Well," they answered, "Tawm seems to have lost his temper a little bit, just like everybody else does once in a while. But he's done a lot for this State, so we can't let it worry us as much as it worries some outsiders."

In other words, what is a little verbal indiscretion in a great cotton economist whose heart and theology are in the right place? I suspect that "Tawm's act" will hold until somebody finds a way of boosting cotton prices higher and more ostentatiously.

S. Van Dine: The Man Behind the Mask

(Continued from page 48)

Van Dine. In this article appear the same ideas and even the same phrases that appeared over Mr. Wright's name. Van Dine and Mr. Wright not only live in the same laws underlying the old detective novel, but express their belief in almost the same words. Either one of these persons are only one, or the non-existent Mr. Van Dine is plagiarizing from the work of the existing Mr. Wright. It is also odd that Mr. Wright, in his introduction, should make a passing reference to the works of Van Dine and that Van Dine should be sufficiently familiar with the somewhat erudite art criticism of Mr. Wright to take from the latter's works.

Speaking over the radio, the man behind the pseudonym explained that the name he had adopted was an old family name. It appears that Mr. Wright's maternal grandmother was a Dyne. At his home Mr. Van Dine receives mail under both his names; the disposition of those letter-boxes should be sufficient to set at rest the doubts of those who assert that Mr. Wright could

not have written the books of Van Dine. Their incredulity is justified. On the basis of his past achievements, on the basis of his concern with the fundamental aesthetics underlying the arts, with the philosophy of Nietzsche, with the study of comparative religion, with music (he studied to become a conductor), with painting, with almost all forms of knowledge, Mr. Wright would seem to be about the last person to write the novels of S. S. Van Dine—were it not for Philo Vance. Also the skeptics seem to me to underrate Mr. Wright's suppleness and adaptability. Mr. Wright has proved that he is capable of enacting more than one rôle. The man who majored in ethnology and anthropology at Harvard, studied music at Rochester, and subsequently learned to paint as well as to interpret art, who worked on a newspaper and wrote a book outlining the rationale underlying the arts—such a man might well engage to write detective fiction just to prove that he could do it better than those who have been spending their lives in that occupation.

"Does it not give you a sense of pride," I asked him, "to realize that you, an intellectual, coming in your maturity freshly to the field of detective fiction, should have made so popular a success, and at the same time have modified the type of the detective story?" He confessed that it gave him a sense of satisfaction. He told me that in writing the novels of Van Dine he had not lowered his standard, but that he wrote in obedience to other laws than those governing the composition of such specialized books as he has heretofore done. He has by no means ceased to be the man he was before he became Van Dine. Once he has completed his fifth, or sixth, detective novel, he will return to his old identity and complete three books—"Philology and the Writer," "Modern Literature," and "Modern Music." The latter two will supplement his "Modern Painting" and, like it, will be applications of the critical theory enunciated in his "The Creative Will."

Bearing in mind the character of his books of criticism—he had published only one novel before he became Van Dine, "The Man of Promise"—it is easy to see why the novels bearing the name of Van Dine could not have been published under that of Willard Huntington Wright. Had they been published under the latter name, they would have had a hard struggle to beat back the association of intellectuality which that name has. Appearing under a virginal name, they were judged for themselves. The purpose of that pen-name having been served, the present Mr. Van Dine is less unwilling, it seems to me, to

Third Hundred Thousand Napoleon

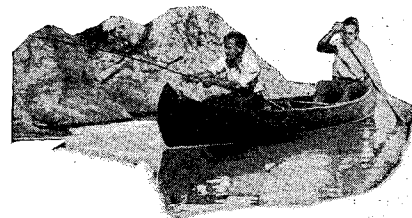
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acknowledge and resume the full use of his past name. He is aware, he said, that the time will soon come when he will have to acknowledge, officially, his pre-Van Dine identity.

When I asked him whether the adoption of a pen-name for his novels of crime detection was not a tacit admission that he regarded that type of novel as being on a lower plane than other forms of writing, he admitted that it was. He added, however, that the adoption of a pen-name constituted a temporary acceptance of the lower rating which detective-novel writing has in this country, as against England, where eminent men of letters are accustomed to publish detective fiction under their true names. He instanced A. A. Milne, G. K. Chesterton, John Buchan, A. E. W. Mason, Father Knox of Trinity College, Oxford, and, among the dead, Zangwill and Dickens. Mr. Wright may well inaugurate a similar state of pride for detective-novel writing in this country.

If You're Sending Your Boy to Camp

(Continued from page 47)

will make the most money. A conservative estimate of \$100 profit per boy might be made—\$35,000 for the large camp; more, if the economy in the kitchen is severe.

For too often the chief object of most summer private camps is to make money for the owners. John's welfare, I am sorry to say, is frequently secondary. It is in just this particular that the successful Scout camps have an advantage, though these Scout camps are by no means uniform in their success. But their hands are not tied by the necessity of showing a large financial profit. They are under no constraint to keep an unsatisfactory boy because of a possible loss of tuition.

They can therefore give a thoroughly co-operative camp, and, while they have their faults, pampering is not one of them. John would be given definite responsibility in a Scout camp. He would become a member of a patrol of eight boys led by a boy patrol leader, and would sink or swim by his own efforts alone. He would have a real part in the program and the management of the camp. In short, he would soon feel that it was his camp for which to be either proud or ashamed. Any infraction of camp rules would be settled by a council of boy patrol leaders, and if his offense were great their verdict alone would send him home.

And now we have uncovered the key-stone of the successful boy's camp: responsibility; not just a lot of tedious du-

ties shelved off on him by a lazy counselor, but genuine responsibility.

A notable example of camp responsibility is to be found in a camp near New York where the older boys have built most of the buildings and where the entire discipline and program of the camp are done on a self-governing plan, the boys being responsible to their elected leaders. The councilors in the camp merely advise and direct, and the character development achieved is something that might make many an expensive, elaborately equipped camp envious. It is a noteworthy point here that the director of this camp prefers his councilors to be experienced teachers or recreational leaders. He does not pick his councilors from boys still in college or who have immediately graduated.

Elaborate equipment is the pitfall of many camp directors and is the bait which many a gullible parent is fooled by.

It might be pertinent to mention one of the unique features of modern summer camps for children, "the co-camp." I have in mind one such camp in the Adirondacks where boys and girls up to the age of eight years are taking living in separated units, but coming together for common activities.

The success of this camp has been sensational, as it affords opportunity for self-expression and because it avoids the one-sidedness of the segregated camps that desensitization to beauty and courtesy often found in a strictly boys' community. It is not a "sissy camp" nor yet a "hard-boiled one."

In conclusion, then, the camp that John's mother needs to find should be a small one; preferably a camp where the boys are divided into smaller groups under self-leadership—if possible, so that utilization of the eight-boy patrol system of the Scouts, with self-leadership wisely directed by suggestion and the stimulation of wholesome competition.

The game idea, now finding so successful a place in modern education should be frequently used in this case. To observant John more nature can be learned from an ingenious treasure hunt than from any amount of listening to a lecture with colored slides.

Such a camp under the sympathetic direction of a camp director who is a teacher as well as a camper—and not just a business man exploiting his camp as a summer haven for the children harassed parents—is John's mother's goal. For in it John will learn to adopt many helpful attitudes and constructive hobbies. His sense of social relations and obligations to his fellows will be strengthened and much will have been done to give him what neither the camp nor his home, nor his school could give him.